W B Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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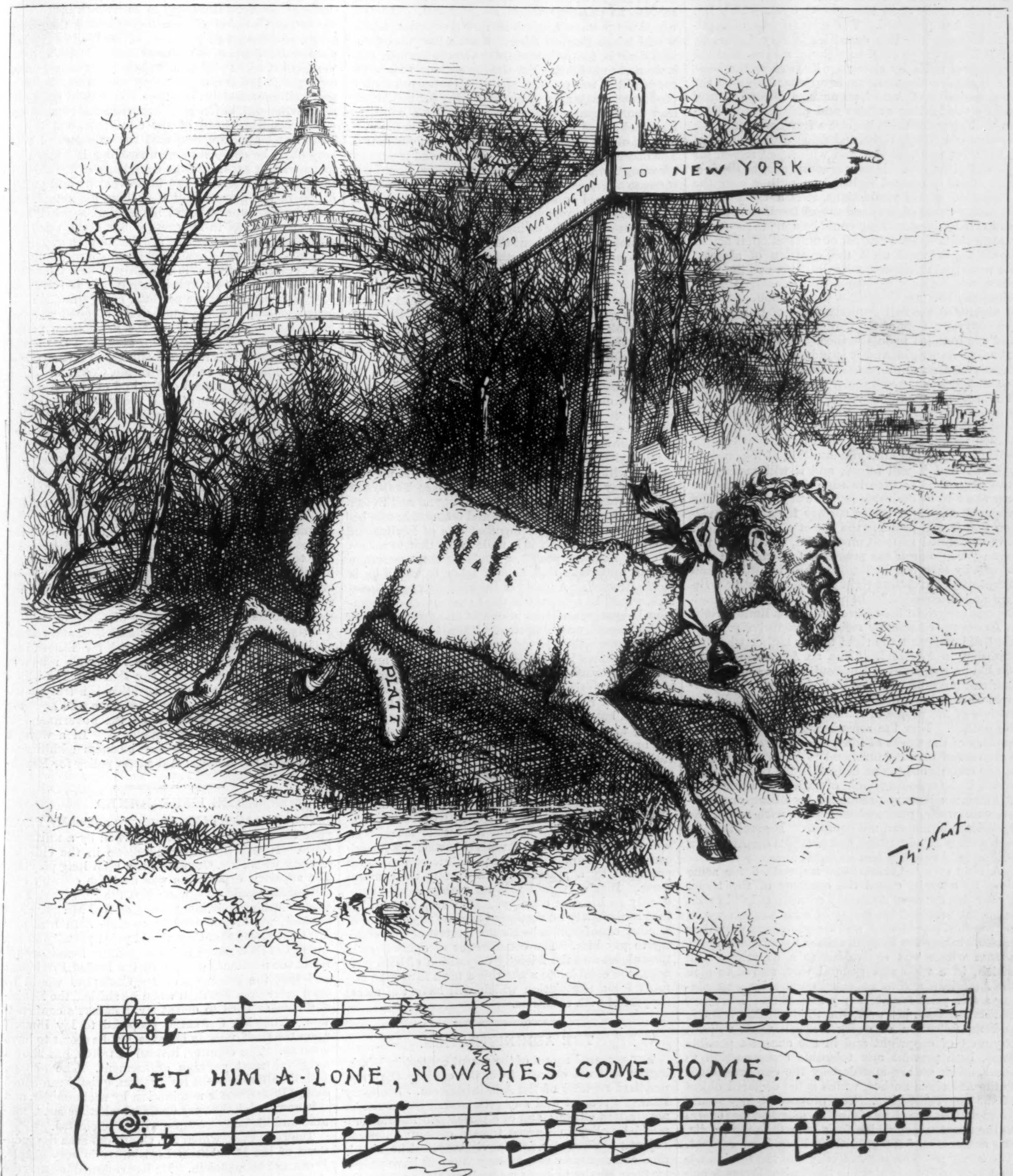

TO WASHINGTON
TO NEW YORK.
N.Y.
PLATT
Th: Nast.
LET HIM A-LONE, NOW HE'S COME HOME. . . . . .

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 4, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 82 of Harper's Young People, *issued May 24, opens with "Scarlet Spangles," a story of the Roman Colosseum, by* Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, *with a spirited front-page illustration by* Thulstrup. *The number also contains a story of the Swiss Lake Dwellers, beautifully illustrated by* F. S. Church; *stories by* W. O. Stoddard *and* David Ker; *the first of a series of short stories from the Mythology of Greece and Rome; and numerous other attractions.*

THE PROPOSED COPYRIGHT TREATY.

LORD GRANVILLE has announced to Mr. Lowell that the English Government will consider a copyright treaty upon the general terms which Mr. Lowell has proposed. The concurrence of sentiment between the two countries is very fortunate, and it is one of the chief auguries of success that the proposition made by Secretary Evarts, as the basis of a mutual understanding, is approved both by the great majority of American authors and publishers and by the leading authors and publishers in England. The proposition itself is a frank waiver of the question of abstract right, and deals with the subject in the most practical way and with a just regard for American interests. However sound may be the doctrine of the perpetual right of an author over the publication of his productions, it is a right which the laws neither of England nor of the United States acknowledge, and nothing could be done to secure by treaty even a limited control of publication, if action should be deferred until the question of abstract and perpetual right were settled. This was the view which was forcibly expressed by Professor Huxley before the English Copyright Commission, although he maintains the full property right of the author. The copyright laws of the United States and of England are founded upon the theory of public benefit, not of private right, and it is judicially held in this country that no author has an exclusive property in a published work except under some act of Congress. Those acts assume that literary works and mechanical inventions are useful to the nation, and the copyright and patent laws are acts for the encouragement of such productions. Each country, of course, must decide for itself the kind and duration of the encouragement that it will afford, and it will modify its laws from time to time in such ways as experience may show to be desirable for its own interest. The proposed copyright treaty springs from the conviction that it will promote the object of the copyright laws as defined in the Constitution, which is as follows: "To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." In pursuance of this principle, our copyright laws have given this limited right to American citizens or residents exclusively. The English law grants the right to any author who first publishes in England. Thus an American author can hold a copyright in England, but the English author can not hold it in the United States. The principle of both laws, however, is the same, namely, the interest of the people of the country, not the right of the author. Now the reproduction and sale in this country of the works of foreign authors at about the mere cost of manufacture tend to baffle the purpose of our copyright laws as defined in the Constitution, which is the encouragement of authors. It is a blow at American literary production by filling our market with works produced at a price with which the American author can not compete. It gives the foreign author an advantage, and prevents the American author from meeting him on equal terms.

A kind of equilibrium was maintained for some time by a usage called the courtesy of the trade. Under this courtesy American publishers left to each other the practical monopoly of such English works as they first republished, and the publishers were thus enabled to pay the English author for advance sheets a sum which was equivalent to a copyright, and which, in a rude and general way, served to give the American author an equal chance by maintaining a fair price for literary productions. Disregard of this courtesy, however, and the immediate seizure and republication of every English work without payment of copyright and in the cheapest possible form, both prevent any tolerable compensation to the English author and destroy the encouragement to the American author, which is the declared object of the copyright laws. The proposed treaty would promote that object by giving regular and legal form to the usage under which for a long time the public, the authors, and the publishers have been content. The treaty provides substantially that the foreign author may enjoy copyright in the United States equally with the American author upon condition of the manufacture of his work in this country. There would be details as to the time of publication, etc., which would be readily settled if the principle of the treaty should be conceded. As a treaty is the supreme law of the land, it would be in effect a law to carry out the constitutional intention of encouraging authors, and it would remedy the wrong now done to that intention and to the American author by the republication and sale of works at a price which forbids payment of a fair copyright to any author, American or English, and so contravenes the fundamental principle of the copyright legislation of both countries.

There are two questions which will be asked. One is why we can not grant copyright to the English author in this country upon condition of first publication, as England now grants it to the American author. The reply is that American literary production has been inconsiderable, and republished American books have been manufactured in England, where labor is cheaper. The grant has been, therefore, a matter of indifference. But if the American production were enormous, and if it were manufactured in this country for sale in England, the English law would be modified, because its principle would be infringed. The law would not promote English literary production, and it would injure English labor. Such a law, therefore, would not be for the interest of the English people, and it would be modified. For similar reasons, to grant a copyright in this country upon the immense literary product of England without providing for the American manufacture would conflict with the constitutional object of the copyright law, which is the promotion of the interest of the people of this country. The other question is whether the proposed treaty, by granting a copyright to the foreign author, would not increase the price of books. Undoubtedly in some degree it would do so. If Mr. Green, the historian, could hold a copyright in the United States upon condition of manufacturing his work here, the work would not be sold at about the cost of its mere appropriation and cheapest possible reproduction, because that would not justly remunerate him. But practically this increase of price would not be felt, because under the trade courtesy the equivalent of a copyright has been generally paid to the author, and the price of the book has been determined accordingly.

The offset to any possible increase in the price of some books would be the stimulation of our own literary activity, and of the general activity of the literary genius of the English-speaking race. If the theory of our copyright laws be correct—if literary production be encouraged by securing for limited times to authors the exclusive right to their writings—then the extension of the area over which that right is secured would stimulate a production in the benefits of which we should all participate. It may be rash to say that copyright laws produce Tennyson and Huxley and Darwin and Carlyle and Scott and Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot, because that would be saying that acts of Parliament produce genius. But it is undeniable that to secure to every man the profits of his labor is to encourage him to undertake that kind of labor to which he is most attracted. A treaty of the kind proposed, therefore, would be a benefit to the literature of our common language, and that is one of the great interests of the English-speaking race. There is another consideration, which, although not within the logic of the copyright laws, is yet of great moral weight as an offset to an increase of price resulting from the proposed treaty. Copyright legislation does not acknowledge the absolute right of an author to control publication and sale, but there is a general conviction that it is a wrong to appropriate to one's own use the work of the brain and time and study and genius and application of another man—a work which is in fact his property in every honorable sense—without the slightest recompense. The feeling is so instinctive that total disregard of it as a public policy is inevitably demoralizing. Such disregard will gradually attach to other acknowledged rights, and the public moral tone will decline. It is not conceivable that the American people should think that their interests would be promoted by a practice which revolts their moral sense. It may be said that an author is paid sufficiently in his own country. That may be true, but that is obviously no argument against paying him in another country, if it be for the interest of that country to pay him. The concurrence of opinion upon the subject and the friendly disposition of both governments combine to make this a most favorable moment for a negotiation which will have the moral support of both countries.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

The personal aspect of the recent contest in Washington will not conceal from the country the great practical services of the Administration. Secretary Blaine's prompt and energetic action in defense of naturalized citizens, and of a threatened hostile commercial policy in Europe toward certain American exports, showed admirable vigilance. The simple financial measures of Secretary Windom have proved by their results to be as masterly in their way as the measures of Mr. Sherman, of whose counsel Secretary Windom has doubtless had the advantage. Already he has saved on the annual payment of interest more than $14,000,000. Even the continued bonds are selling at a premium, and there is no aspect of the Treasury transactions thus far which is not agreeable and assuring. Republican finance will not be the least of Republican claims to the gratitude of the country. With these signal achievements in other departments, the Postmaster-General has taken hold of his department, in which lie such enormous opportunities for monstrous frauds, with an intelligence, an energy, and a courage which have never been surpassed in that great office. President John Quincy Adams praised John McLean as the most efficient of Postmasters-General. But McLean busily worked his department as a political machine, an offense which will not be imputed to his successor, the present head of the department, who is attending to his proper official duties so comprehensively and effectively that he is breaking up a vast organized conspiracy of public robbery, and has already, by his individual official action, saved to the Treasury an annual expense of $500,000. In his proceedings, as Mr. James said in his speech at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, he has the necessary and constant co-operation of the head of the Department of Justice—Attorney-General MacVeagh—to whom it will finally fall to bring the conspirators to justice. His action, of course, can not be peremptory and immediate in its effect, like that of the Postmaster-General, but he is the indispensable counsellor.

The inspiring head of the administration is the President. His direction that the exposure of robbery shall be complete and unsparing is known to mean what it says; and the confidence of his cabinet that in every effort for the improvement and purification of the government they have his actual, not perfunctory, approval, and his cordial support, and the popular belief in his great public ability, and his pure character and purpose, are the happiest auguries. In the good results already achieved we see the brilliant beginning of what is evidently to be a most vigorous and effective administration. It is fortunate for the country, because patriotic energy and intelligent economy are the guarantees of good government, and it is fortunate for the Republican party, because such an administration alone can be of real party service. It is no less fortunate in a party view that the inevitable contest with Mr. Conkling came at the beginning instead of the end of the term. It will be most fortunate of all if the event and circumstances of the contest shall satisfy the Administration that the only way in which the patronage can be made serviceable to the Republican party is by the appointment of officers for public reasons alone.

Emerging from the contest in which the Senate took an unconstitutional position, for which, however, in our judgment, the President's action in the withdrawal of nominations was not a remedy, the Administration has only to continue the efficient course upon which it has entered, with the determination to regard appointments not as party perquisites, but as public trusts, to secure the enthusiastic support of the country. If at the end of four years the country can see great public robberies exposed and the robbers punished, the total expenditures of the government greatly reduced, its foreign relations firm and friendly, its subordinate officers selected for fitness, and official interference in elections effectively rebuked, the country will inevitably say that a party which has provided such an administration is a truly patriotic party, and that whatever its name and however long it may have administered the government, it ought to continue to administer it. In a word, a vigorous, economical, efficient, business administration is both the simplest and surest policy for Republican success.

THE ISSUE JOINED.

The resignation of Mr. Conkling and of Mr. Platt gave the country a surprise, followed by a universal smile. It was a sensational scene in the childish comedy which Mr. Conkling has been long playing. The apparent expectation was that the country and the Senate would be aghast; that the New York Legislature, which four months ago elected Mr. Platt as Senator, would immediately re-elect both him and Mr. Conkling; that they would point proudly to the support of their State; that the quailing Senate would reject the nomination made by the baffled President; and that the greatness of Mr. Conkling would be even more manifest than when he shirked the Louisiana vote, or tried to defeat Mr. Merritt's confirmation. That Mr. Conkling proposed to lay himself upon the shelf, nobody believes, but he seems to have done so. The country, instead of terror, has shown only the most genuine amusement. The Senate, without allusion to the resignation, quietly confirmed Judge Robertson's nomination by acclamation, and it is now seen to be very doubtful whether Mr. Conkling and his late colleague will be re-elected.

The issue upon which Mr. Conkling asks the judgment of the Republican Legislature is very simple. It can not be mistaken. He has resigned because the President made a nomination which he did not like. He alleges, indeed, that the President has attempted to coerce the Senate by withdrawing certain nominations. But such an assertion deceives no one. The President's constitutional right to nominate and to withdraw nominations is as incontestable as that of a Senator to advise and consent upon his official responsibility. Mr. Conkling and the Senatorial caucus had entered into an unconstitutional agreement to baffle the President's power of nomination by deferring confirmation if any Senator for any reason objected. The President decided that his remedy lay in preventing that action by withdrawing certain nominations. Whether this was a wise course or not, it was as clearly within his constitutional right as the nomination itself. Mr. Conkling insisted substantially that it was the President's duty to obey the dictation of the Senators from a State in making nominations, and upon that contention he resigned and appeals to the Legislature. He thought, undoubtedly, that he was betting upon a certainty, but he has probably risked once too often.

Should the Republican Legislature re-elect Mr. Conkling, it would adopt his dogma. It would declare the judgment of the party in New York to be that if the President does not surrender one of his chief constitutional prerogatives to the Senators from a State, those Senators may properly abandon their posts and give the control of the Senate to their political adversaries. This is a proposition to which Republicans ought not lightly to commit themselves. The term Administration Republican means really a Republican who maintains the constitutional right of the President to nominate upon his own official responsibility, and not upon the dictation of a Senator. The term Conkling Republican describes a Republican who holds that the will of the Senator should regulate the President's exercise of his right of nomination. This is the issue upon which the decision of the Legislature is invoked. There is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of Republicans in this State and in the country, and that every sound and conservative view of the Constitution, sustain the President's position upon this question. If the Legislature should re-elect Mr. Conkling, it would merely show that it is out of accord with Republican sentiment, and supports a monstrous usurpation and violation of the plain intent of the Constitution.

THE NEW COLLECTOR OF NEW YORK.

The confirmation of Judge Robertson places in the Collectorship of New York one of the most experienced and unsullied public men in the State. Judge Robertson has been long in the public service, and no question has ever been raised of his perfect integrity, his political fidelity, or his practical sagacity. The objections of reformers to his appointment have not been founded upon personal reasons, but solely upon the principle that an officer who is efficiently and satisfactorily discharging the duties of a wholly non-political office should not be removed. This is the soundest of principles, but it is not one which the Republican party has yet adopted—although it is held by many Republicans—nor one which President Garfield is known to hold. His nomination of Judge Robertson, therefore, was not a violation of any party tenet, or of any principle of his own, however inconsistent it may have been with a truly sound view of the public service.

If the purpose of the appointment should be to wield the patronage of the Custom-house for any personal interest, and if, to carry out this purpose, the methods of minor appointment which have been faithfully followed for the last two years should be abandoned, it would be a very great misfortune. The wretched wrangle of Mr. Conkling over the appointment of Collector Robertson, and the general sense of humiliation and disgust at the spectacle of Senatorial scrambling for the control of patronage, have thoroughly aroused the public mind to the shame and the peril of the whole patronage system. If the new management of the Custom-house shall show that even within the range of appointments from which the spoils system has been expelled all its evils are to be restored, there will be profound disappointment upon the part of those Republicans—and their number is very great—who know how dangerously demoralizing and how enormously extravagant a political Custom-house must always be.

The best party service which Collector Robertson can render is to administer the Custom-house in every detail as a strictly business institution: to remove only for legitimate reasons, and to appoint only for proved fitness. If the Custom-house should become the head-quarters of the political action of the party, as it was in the time of Mr. Conkling's Collectors, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Arthur, and as it has not been under Collector Merritt, the high personal character of Judge Robertson could not prevent the conviction that the public service had retrograded under his Collectorship, and that an important advantage had been lost to the Republican party. But should his official course identify the Administration both with economy and efficiency by continuing and extending the good work which has been begun at the Custom-house, he would, by promoting the public welfare, furnish a powerful reason for continued Republican ascendency. Collector Robertson's official conduct will be watched with interest and hope by every honest opponent of machine rule.

THE STATE CHARITIES AID BILL.

The bill authorizing the appointment, by local judges, of visitors from the State Charities Aid Association, with power to visit county poor-houses, has passed the Legislature with the precise amendments which we suggested as desirable. Throughout the discussion the position of the State Board of Charities was greatly misrepresented. As we pointed out, the original bill—and the fact was probably unknown to the humane citizens who petitioned for its passage—conferred larger powers of visitation upon a purely voluntary association than upon the State agency created for the very purpose. It authorized a voluntary and officially irresponsible body to report directly to the Legislature upon subjects which the Legislature had committed to an officially responsible body. Moreover, all this grant of power was unnecessary for the professed purposes of the voluntary body, whose authority and whose great usefulness had been in no degree impaired by any action of the State Board. The bill as it was prepared was in effect a wholly unjust censure of one of the most admirable and efficient official bodies in the State.

There was universal misconception of the situation. The Board of Charities was represented as jealously seeking, for presumed improper purposes, to prevent any other visitation of charitable institutions than their own, although from first to last, so far as we know, not a single instance was cited to show either that the visitors of the Charities Aid Association had been excluded from any institution in consequence of any action of the State Board, or that the State Board desired any such exclusion. We have the sincerest sympathy with the Charities Aid Association, whose good work we have often and most justly commended. But our regard for its work and for the high character of its members could not blind us to the scope and consequences of the bill as proposed. The desirable modifications were evident, and they have been made. The provisions conferring authority to visit by agents the State institutions, and to report to the Legislature, are stricken out, and the visitation in each county will be made by county visitors.

Thus a very disagreeable difference is composed. It was exceedingly unfortunate, because the friends and the opponents of the original bill had in view the same object, namely, the thorough and efficient visitation of the charitable institutions, conducted in a manner that would not necessarily produce trouble. The Charities Aid Association will find that it has no truer friends than those who were not willing to see injustice done to an admirable and most serviceable public body.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Some of our esteemed contemporaries are disposed to believe that Harper's Weekly has been made the victim of a practical joke in the matter of Lord Beaconsfield's letter to General Grant, of which a fac-simile was given in our issue for May 14, inviting the General to dine with him on "the Queen's birthday, June the 2d," when every well-informed person knows that Queen Victoria's birthday is the 24th of May. The funny part of this is that our critics should not know that the real anniversary of the Queen's birthday is observed in strict privacy by the royal family, while the public and official celebration occurs several days afterward, the time being set according to the Queen's pleasure. In 1877, when General Grant was in England, the anniversary was observed officially on the 2d of June, the date mentioned in the letter. We are glad to relieve the minds of our esteemed contemporaries of the distracting theory either that Lord Beaconsfield did not know the date of his sovereign's birthday, or that the letter published in Harper's Weekly must be a hoax.

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

The production of the *Œdipus* at Cambridge was a great event. The success of the representation was complete, and it marks a grateful reaction against the reign of "science" and boat and ball, which has been so long supreme in college life. It shows that classical scholarship can also impress the public, and that intellectual discipline and prowess are not less sure of recognition than the force of muscle and physical training. To most of the brilliant and distinguished audience the actual representation probably gave a new sense of the tremendous power of the old Greek drama. Those who went with the impression that a play of Sophocles, and the Greek drama in general, was cold and stately and far remote from human sympathy, and with the expectation that the performance would be curious but tedious, were amazed by the intensity of interest with which they followed the swift and terrible tale, told with the barest simplicity of stage accessories, but with singular intelligence and admirable ability by the gentlemen who took part.

The accuracy of the recitation was marvellous. Mr. Riddle was the Œdipus, and his feat of memorization was very remarkable. Throughout the play he made, we believe, not a single omission or slip, and the purity, fluency, and sweetness of his pronunciation were delightful. His histrionic talent was fully displayed. As the interest became more intense, the whole tone of his presentation deepened, and his success was a sincere triumph of art. Mr. Opdycke's Jocasta, the Queen, was not less admirable for pathetic grace and dignity. His by-play during the awful revelation, and his retirement from the scene, were exceedingly powerful and impressive.

We have no space to follow in detail the performance of Creon, of Tiresias, of the Priest, the messengers, and the servants, all of which was spirited and harmonious. But the music of the chorus, by Professor Paine, demands especial praise. It is very fine, and although, of course, of a modern character, the fullness of appeal to universal, and therefore to modern, sympathy in the drama itself prevents any sense of incongruity. It may be true that the Gregorian chant is possibly nearer in kind to the old Greek music, but it is doubtful whether the impression produced by its imitation would be more legitimate than that of Professor Paine's felicitous composition. The production of the *Œdipus* was a work worthy of the oldest of our universities, and its triumphant success is a proud trophy of her thorough training.

YOUR OX AND MY OX.

The sincerity of Mr. Conkling's opposition to removing competent officers, and of his doctrine that the Senators from a State should control appointments, is illustrated by a fact recalled by the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.

In 1874, President Grant nominated W. A. Simmons to be Collector of Boston, while Judge Russell was filling the office without complaint. There was great and general opposition from the merchants of Boston, and from both the Massachusetts Senators. Senator Boutwell, indeed, presented an adverse report. Mr. Conkling, however, took the lead in insisting upon confirmation despite the petitions of the merchants and the warm opposition of the Senators from the State, and Simmons was confirmed.

It will surprise nobody, however, that Mr. Conkling now calls the President's persistence in a nomination which Mr. Conkling does not like, an instance of alarming and threatening intimidation by the executive power. He resigns because the Senators from New York are not permitted to do what he insisted the Senators from Massachusetts should not be permitted to do seven years ago. It is no wonder that a zealous Massachusetts admirer regards Mr. Conkling as "one of the master-minds of this century."

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Bell, wife of the inventor of the telephone, like the wife of the inventor of the telegraph, is a deaf-mute. A story is told of Amos Kendall, formerly Postmaster-General, with regard to what influenced him to give so largely to the founding of a deaf-mute college in Washington. When Professor Morse was endeavoring to introduce his patent, Amos Kendall became so much interested in him and his wife, and felt such a sympathy for her affliction, that he determined to found a college in Washington for those who suffer from similar misfortunes.

—The estate of the late Mark Hopkins, of the Central Pacific Railroad, has been valued by the appraisers at $20,700,000.

—General Anson Stager, for so many years connected with the telegraphic service of the United States, has been appointed by President Garfield one of the Board of Visitors for the approaching annual examination at West Point. General Stager was the first man who received a telegraphic message by sound. He was operating in Pittsburgh when Erastus Brooks bought the *Gazette*. One night his register broke as he was receiving the market report. He concluded to try to catch the clicks with his ears, and succeeded, to the delight of Mr. Brooks, who was standing by his side.

—Republicanism is beginning to outdo royalty in the munificence of its presents. It is said that at the wedding of the Princess Stéphanie and the Crown Prince of Austria, the King of the Belgians, her father, presented her with $450,000. At the wedding of Miss Mills and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, it is said that the bride's father made her a present of $500,000.

—Charles Hudson, who died at Lexington, Massachusetts, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-six, was among the first to advocate and introduce the railroad system of the country, and first to use the warning sign-board, "Look out for the locomotive."

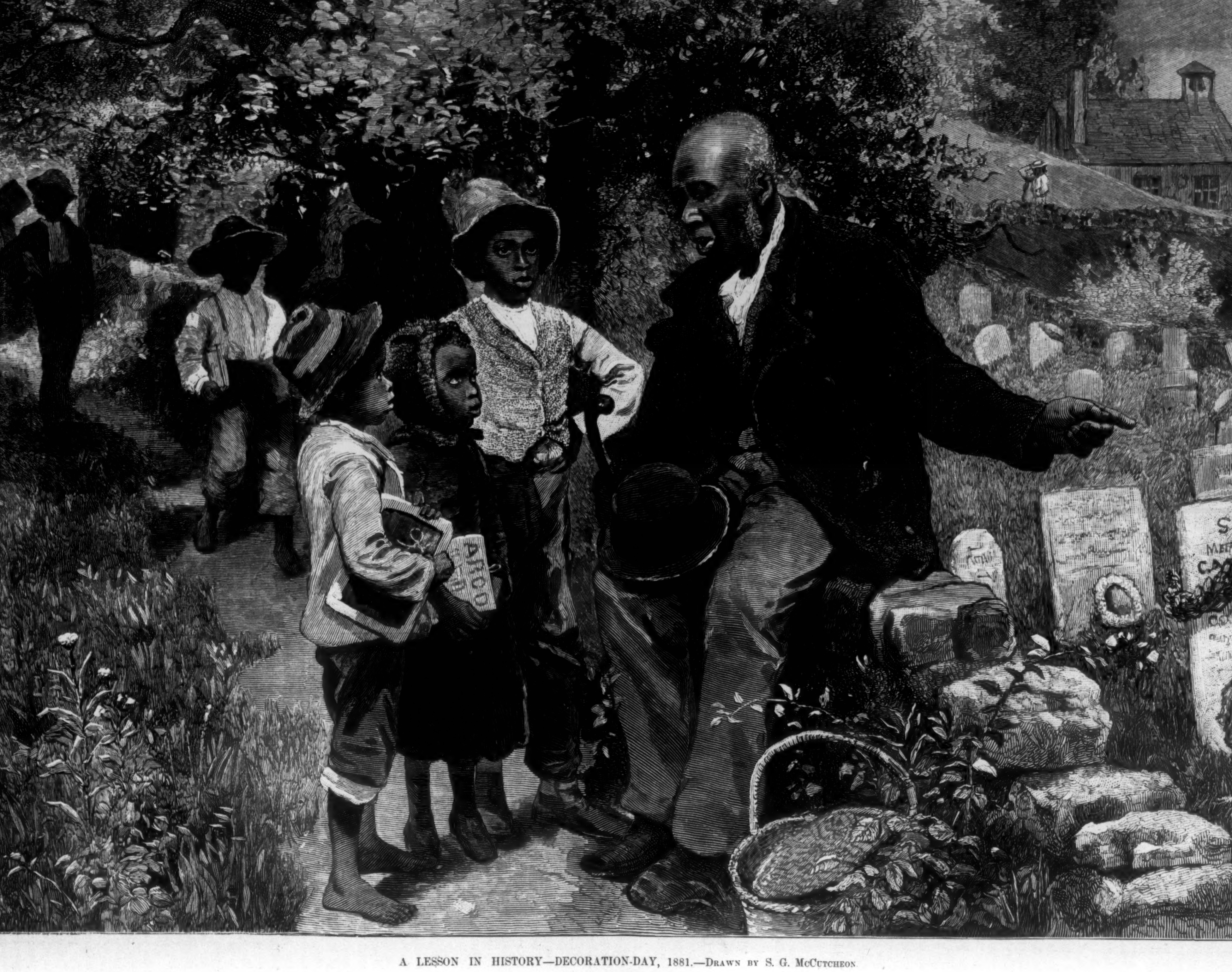
—When young Disraeli reaches his majority, the estate of Hughenden will be free of incumbrance, but nothing more. The estate is worth about nine thousand dollars a year. Lord Beaconsfield never troubled himself about money matters, or he could have been a very rich man. Opportunities and friendly suggestions from great capitalists were sufficiently frequent. Some of his investments turned out badly. He never sold. As a government official, he was never known to have been directly or indirectly interested in a job.

—A pleasant incident is mentioned of Governor Perkins, of California. Many years ago, when he had but $2 in money, and no employment, Mr. Knight, a merchant of Oroville, gave him a place as porter, at $40 a month. Afterward, when their fortunes were reversed, he found Mr. Knight poor in San Francisco, and took him into employment for Goodall, Perkins, & Co., at $175 a month. But the kindness did not end here. When Mr. Perkins became Governor, he remembered his old friend and book-keeper, and appointed him Harbor Commissioner.

—A colored man, George H. Williams, has just fallen heir to $50,000. He is the only negro in the Ohio Legislature, and proposes now to retire from business and politics, and devote himself to a history he is writing, entitled, *Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens.*

—Socially Sir Edward Thornton is doubtless the most popular and highly esteemed of any minister Great Britain has sent to this country. He is always actively but unobtrusively full of good works. When any charitable enterprise is on foot, the bounty of Sir Edward and his wife has shamed that of most Washington officials. At a "pound party" for the poor, given at the Riggs House last winter, his contribution was five pounds of silver dollars. This is, of course, nothing very extraordinary, but it is the habit of the man to be constantly doing it.

—Mrs. John Cary, who died a fortnight since (her husband having preceded her only a few days), was a sister of the late William B. Astor. A correspondent of the *News*, published at Newport, Rhode Island, where she was buried, says: "Her character might be given in three words—humility, generosity, tenderness: peculiar humility, peculiar generosity, peculiar tenderness, all accompanied by a manner of the most attractive courtesy. Now it is very much to say this, but it is far more to say that these virtues flourished in a strange soil, for she was born to the prosperity of great wealth—to that prosperity which too often turns humility into pride, makes selfish the generous, and hardens the tender....She overflowed with pity for all sorrow and need, and always gave but too freely; more still, she went, and saw, and did, and said nothing about it. To her husband she exhibited a marvel of woman's love, and for him at last she really gave up her life. Her children have lost a mother who was not only the most womanly of women, but the most motherly of mothers, and we feel that her words and looks and acts will remain in their hearts as a heavenly memory forever. The last act I knew of her was an act of thoughtful and liberal charity, which she did when she came here, ill, overwhelmed with grief, and about to bury her husband out of her sight."



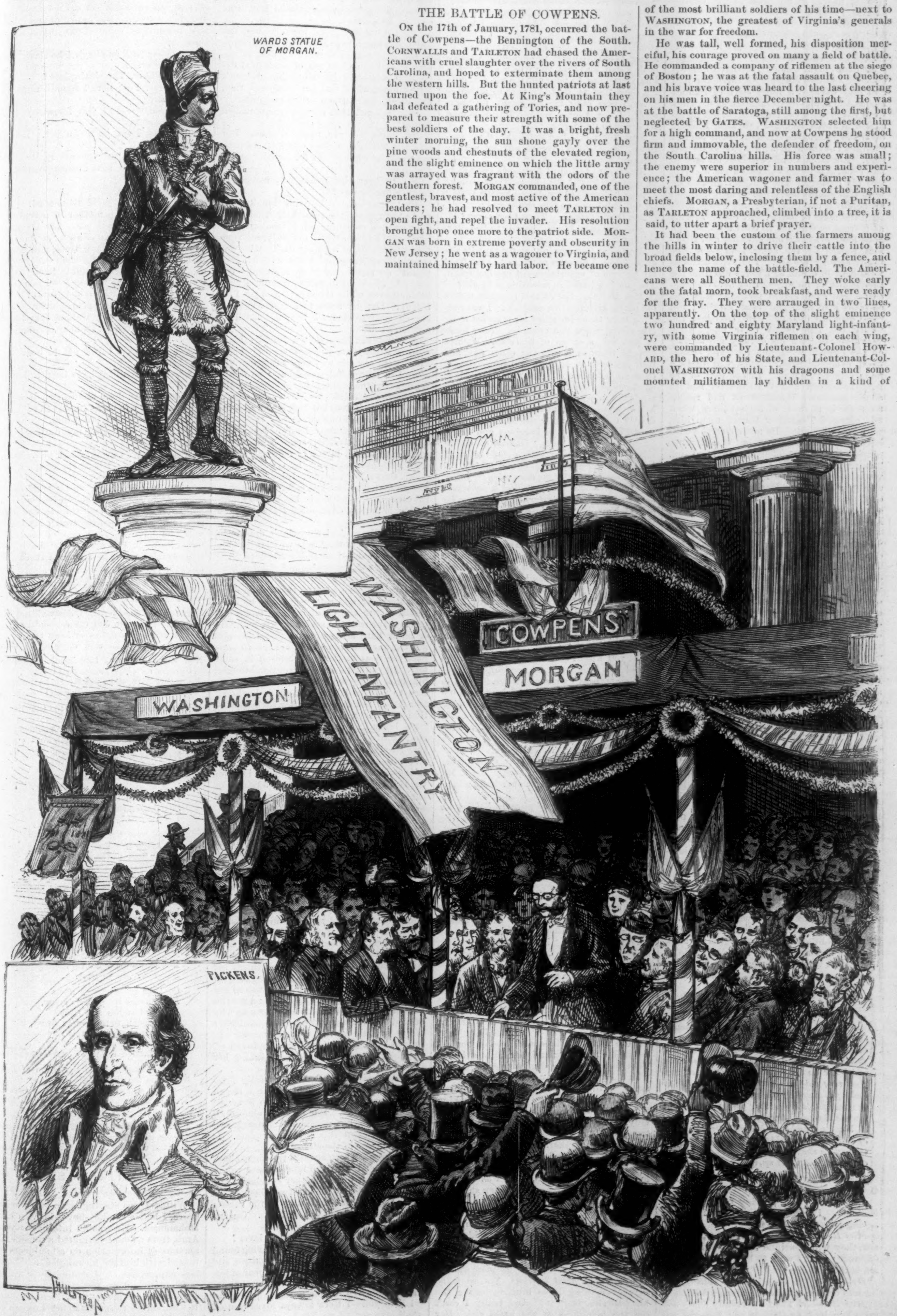
A LESSON IN HISTORY—DECORATION-DAY, 1881.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

THE BATTLE OF COWPENS.

On the 17th of January, 1781, occurred the battle of Cowpens—the Bennington of the South. Cornwallis and Tarleton had chased the Americans with cruel slaughter over the rivers of South Carolina, and hoped to exterminate them among the western hills. But the hunted patriots at last turned upon the foe. At King's Mountain they had defeated a gathering of Tories, and now prepared to measure their strength with some of the best soldiers of the day. It was a bright, fresh winter morning, the sun shone gayly over the pine woods and chestnuts of the elevated region, and the slight eminence on which the little army was arrayed was fragrant with the odors of the Southern forest. Morgan commanded, one of the gentlest, bravest, and most active of the American leaders; he had resolved to meet Tarleton in open fight, and repel the invader. His resolution brought hope once more to the patriot side. Morgan was born in extreme poverty and obscurity in New Jersey; he went as a wagoner to Virginia, and maintained himself by hard labor. He became one of the most brilliant soldiers of his time—next to Washington, the greatest of Virginia's generals in the war for freedom.

He was tall, well formed, his disposition merciful, his courage proved on many a field of battle. He commanded a company of riflemen at the siege of Boston; he was at the fatal assault on Quebec, and his brave voice was heard to the last cheering on his men in the fierce December night. He was at the battle of Saratoga, still among the first, but neglected by Gates. Washington selected him for a high command, and now at Cowpens he stood firm and immovable, the defender of freedom, on the South Carolina hills. His force was small; the enemy were superior in numbers and experience; the American wagoner and farmer was to meet the most daring and relentless of the English chiefs. Morgan, a Presbyterian, if not a Puritan, as Tarleton approached, climbed into a tree, it is said, to utter apart a brief prayer.

It had been the custom of the farmers among the hills in winter to drive their cattle into the broad fields below, inclosing them by a fence, and hence the name of the battle-field. The Americans were all Southern men. They woke early on the fatal morn, took breakfast, and were ready for the fray. They were arranged in two lines, apparently. On the top of the slight eminence two hundred and eighty Maryland light-infantry, with some Virginia riflemen on each wing, were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, the hero of his State, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washington with his dragoons and some mounted militiamen lay hidden in a kind of



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF COWPENS, SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.

ambush near. In the front line, under the gallant Pickens—always at the front—were arrayed the volunteers and militia from the Carolinas and Georgia. A slight pine wood, without underbrush, concealed the ranks of the Americans.

At about eight o'clock Tarleton appeared. He had two field-pieces, three hundred and fifty cavalry, a large body of regular troops, and in all eleven hundred men. They were weary with the long march, but he resolved to attack at once. He flung himself upon the Americans. His dragoons pierced the ranks of the militia; his victory seemed sure. But Morgan had directed his men to fall back, and relied chiefly on his regulars and his cavalry. The English pressed on with loud shouts and cries. The bright sun shone down upon the fragrant woods, alive with the noise of battle. At first it seemed as if freedom was lost to the Carolinas, and hope had perished; but Morgan and Howard, roused by the sight, held their line firmly against the foe. The British troops were kept in check by a fierce fire from the Continentals; for a time they held their position, and even moved forward; then the stalwart men from Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas charged with bayonets the weary foe, and broke their line. Then Washington with his cavalry fell swiftly on the English horse and foot, and chased them over the field. Never was there a more complete defeat. In one part of the field Tarleton and Washington met in single combat. Washington had ridden alone far in advance of his squadron, when the enraged Tarleton turned upon him, with his two aides. He made a stroke with his sword at Washington, but Washington parried it, and wounded him in his hand. Tarleton fired a pistol at his opponent, wounding him in the knee, and then rode swiftly away. The English lost five hundred prisoners, and many killed and wounded; their guns were taken. The Americans lost but few.

Far and wide spread the fame of the great victory, and the names of Cowpens, Morgan, Washington, and Howard resounded through Europe and America. Congress covered the victors with honors. They voted a fine gold medal to Morgan, a silver one to Washington, another to Howard, a sword to Pickens, and rewards to the other officers. They might well rejoice, for Morgan's resolution and courage had turned the tide of war. Cornwallis and Tarleton moved northward in a vain pursuit of Greene. The Carolinas were abandoned; Rawdon found them hostile and unsafe, and pretending illness, set sail for England. Greene, Morgan, Sumter, and Marion held all the interior country, and Charleston alone remained in hostile hands. Meanwhile Cornwallis and Tarleton pressed onward to their fate, and with cruel ravages and amidst the general hatred of the people were shut up in Yorktown, and fell at the great victory of freedom.

After a hundred years of progress the people of the neighborhood meet to celebrate the battle of Cowpens. All is now peace. The Blue Mountains look down upon a country that may yet become one of the most prosperous of all. The principles of freedom, for which Morgan and Washington fought at Cowpens, have conquered at last in every civilized land; the political theories of absolutism and tyranny, for which Tarleton and his allies contended vainly, are beaten everywhere. England has adopted the ideas of America. Europe admits the natural rights of man, and the victories of the Revolution point the way to universal peace.

Eugene Lawrence.

FOUR BLUE PLATES.

Drawing-room in Mrs. Hollener's *country house.* Gabrielle, *her only child, one-and-twenty, exceedingly pretty, low-browed, dark-eyed, and fair-haired, sitting before a small table, on which are an old-fashioned silver tea-set and four very old-fashioned blue plates. She is looking at one of the plates. The sound of merry voices floats in from the garden, as* Oswald Owens, *three-and-twenty, tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and dark-haired, enters the room, and advances toward her. She drops the spoon with which she has been toying, in momentary confusion, and looks up, with a faint blush.*

Miss Hollener. Not playing croquet, Mr. Owens?

Mr. Owens. "Not playing croquet," Miss Hollener. I came to seek you. They are asking for you in the garden.

Miss Hollener. I hope, if they continue to ask, they will continue to ask at that safe distance; I don't want to hear them. Mamma is there, is she not?

Mr. Owens. Yes, enacting the *rôle* of the hostess charmingly, as she always does.

Miss Hollener. Then I certainly shall not go. You look as though you thought me remiss in daughterly duty. [*On the contrary, his expression is one of intense approbation.*] I am not. This is entirely mamma's party, and *she* likes croquet. As for me, I boldly avow I detest it, and never could understand the wild enthusiasm with which so many people whack unoffending wooden balls about, and then run wildly after them. I only promised to pour out the tea, and having done that, prefer to sit here by myself—

Mr. Owens (*half turning away*). By yourself? I beg pardon for my intrusion, and will remain no longer.

Miss Hollener. I had not finished my sentence, Mr. Owens. By myself, or with a pleasant companion.

Mr. Owens. And am I fortunate enough to be regarded by you as a pleasant companion?

Miss Hollener (*with a demure smile*). Well, I do not think you so *very unpleasant.*

Mr. Owens (*eagerly*). Then I may stay?

Miss Hollener. If you promise to be entertaining.

Mr. Owens (*taking a seat on the opposite side of the table*). I promise to try, but I am afraid my powers of entertainment are but small. Are you interested in scientific subjects?

Miss Hollener. Not at this moment, unless old plates are scientific subjects. I was puzzling over these (*directing his attention to the blue plates*) when you came in. They form, as you see, a series of pictures. Mamma bought them at a sale the other day, and they are ever so ancient, and consequently ever so interesting. Are you learned in earthenware lore? I hope you are, and can read the pictured story, for I'm dying to know what it all means. This one evidently represents an incident in the early youth of the hero and heroine; and this—[*Some one outside calls,* "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Miss Hollener, *with a slight shrug of her shoulders, leaves her chair, and takes a few steps in the direction of the voice, when the caller, apparently satisfied that the called is not within hearing, retreating, she returns, and resumes her seat.*] Now, if you please, commence, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Owens. You take it for granted, then, that I *am* learned in earthenware lore?

Miss Hollener. I do. I hear that you are extremely clever, and have invented something that the world has long been in need of. You may, by-and-by, if you will be so kind, tell me all about it; but now I am just in the mood to listen to a story.

Mr. Owens. And I, to confess the truth, just in the mood to tell one. But I trust it will not disappoint you. It is barely possible, you know, to invent "something the world has long been in need of," and yet lack cleverness as a story-teller. But you are growing impatient, and I hasten to begin. The first plate, if you please. [*She hands it to him. He studies it a moment.*] Once on a time— Will that do for a beginning?

Miss Hollener. Excellently well. It carries me at once back to the days of my childhood. They were happy days, Mr. Owens. I doubt if I have ever known happier.

Mr. Owens (*a glow of pleasure lighting his face*). Once on a time there lived in the "big house" of a beautiful Connecticut village a lovely little girl with fair curls and the most wonderful dark gray eyes. She was an only child, and adored by her father and mother and all the rest of the household, as she well deserved to be, being the quaintest, brightest, and most generous little creature that ever sang and danced through a merry childhood. In the smallest house in the village lived a boy—

Miss Hollener. A "lovely" boy?

Mr. Owens (*gravely*). His mother thought so.

Miss Hollener. His eyes and hair?

Mr. Owens. Blue and black, if my memory serves me aright. He was the son of a pretty little woman, who, having at the age of seventeen married for love a poor German geologist, found herself at twenty a widow with no money and a baby boy. An old aunt to whom she applied for assistance offered her and her child a home. That home was the diminutive cottage to which I have already referred. Here she managed to make a living by the aid of her needle, the lady at the "big house" being her chief patroness. And the fact of the lady of the "big house" being her chief patroness led to the two children growing up, as it were, together. From the very first the boy constituted himself the guardian and protector of the little girl. He guided her first toddling steps. His was the first name she ever spoke. And when she grew old enough to lead, he followed her faithfully. Never was knight in olden time more devoted to lady fair. You see them here on this plate gathering blackberries. Her basket, as you will observe, is brimming over, while his is still empty.

Miss Hollener (*looking at the plate with an appearance of great interest*). Yes, so it is. Pity everything is so blue, including the blackberries, isn't it? And really I can't see the loveliness of the little girl. Her nose, I am sure, is crooked, and her arms much too long. And the berries look like pears. But perhaps berries *did* look like pears in those days.

Mr. Owens. Well, time went on, and the playmates met almost every day, the parents of the gray-eyed girl thinking only of the blue-eyed boy as the son of a faithful dependent who had inherited his mother's faithfulness, when one day—she was then twelve and he fourteen—they quarrelled.

Miss Hollener. Had they never quarrelled before?

Mr. Owens. Oh yes, many a time. But this was the first serious quarrel. He had presumed to reprove her for something she had done.

Miss Hollener. Had he never "presumed to reprove her" before?

Mr. Owens. Often. But this time he added to the reproof the remark that her conduct had not only been unkind, but unladylike: she had snatched her skipping-rope from the hands of a young darky who was surreptitiously enjoying a skip with it. The picture on the second plate represents the quarrel. She is turning away from him, with flashing eyes, while she says: "And yet I *am* a lady. But *you* seem to forget what *you* are—a sewing-woman's boy, my mother's servant's son!"

Miss Hollener. Extremely rude and unkind, after so many years of devotion on his part; but I dare say she was very sorry directly after her ungrateful speech, and no doubt regrets it till this day. But really now, Mr. Owens, *do* you think this illustration a good one? To me it does not look like a quarrel at all. She is smiling sweetly—

Mr. Owens. Scornfully, I assure you.

Miss Hollener. And he, certainly he is holding out to her an intensely cerulean apple, with a slight crack across it.

Mr. Owens. You mistake. It is a ball which she presented to him just before the unpleasantness, and which he, in his boyish indignation, is mutely demanding she shall take back.

Miss Hollener. And they don't appear to be any older than they were when they were gathering pears—I mean blackberries.

Mr. Owens. Appearances are often deceitful. They are several years older. The boy left her in silence, but the taunt sank deep into his heart, and that very night he bade "good-by" to the small cottage, and went out into the world to seek his fortune. After much hard struggling, he found it—not a great one, but more than enough to support the dear mother and himself in comfort. And at last a timely invention brought him fame, and fame brought him once more face to face with the love of his boyhood. Her father had died soon after their separation, and she and her mother had left the "big house" in the beautiful village, and gone to live in the adjacent city. At least they lived there during the winters, but passed their summers in a villa at one of our watering-places. You see the young lady on the third plate rowing herself in a fairy-like boat, while her mother stands on the shore looking on with evident admiration?

Miss Hollener. I do. The boat in form not unlike a bath-tub, the oars pointing skyward, and the mamma so near that if she be not extremely careful, her aquatic daughter will row directly over her. Pray go on, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Owens. He found her surrounded by suitors, as he expected she would be. But oh! the joy that filled his constant heart when he also found that she distinguished none. A happy, happy month passed by—happy because he met her almost every day; happy although she never referred to the old times; happy because her graciousness led him to dream that ere long he might gain courage to tell her that his heart was at her feet—when a new rival appeared: a gentleman of great wealth and position, a man who offered her diamonds where he could offer only one little pearl, a man her mother approved of, a man all mothers approved of. Behold him, on the fourth plate, taking her out to drive.

Miss Hollener. With two fearfully foreshortened horses, in a vehicle like a sleigh on two very tall wheels with an immense umbrella over it. Her dress is almost all skirt, and his hat resembles an overgrown flower-pot. But this is the last plate. Is there no more of the story?

Mr. Owens. There are still two short chapters. To end with the fourth plate would be indeed an unsatisfactory conclusion. I am impressed that the last two illustrations were broken, and that that is the reason your mother did not obtain them. On the fifth plate the lover—

Miss Hollener. The "diamond" lover?

Mr. Owens. The "pearl" lover, having found the darling of his heart one day alone, and being well-nigh distracted by the fear of losing her forever, was kneeling before her [*he kneels before her*], unable to say anything but "I love you—I have always loved you—I shall love you all my life."

Miss Hollener (*her voice trembling, and a tear gleaming above her smile*). Indeed, indeed, Mr. Owens, you must not act out your story so demonstratively. Rise, I beg of you. Suppose mamma or some of our guests should come in!

Mr. Owens (*still kneeling*). The sixth plate, Miss Hollener.

Miss Hollener. The sixth plate?

Mr. Owens. Yes; here I remain until you describe it.

Miss Hollener. I? You forget—you are telling the story.

Mr. Owens. I can go no farther. It is for you to finish.

Miss Hollener. And you are really determined to maintain that absurd position until I do so?

Mr. Owens. I am.

Miss Hollener. I yield to necessity; and necessity being the mother of invention, I invent. On the sixth plate, Mr. Owens, in the distance a village church was half-hidden by a group of azure trees, and toward this village church, bluer than ever, walked arm in arm—or, stay, hand in hand; that is more pastoral—the lady and her lover—

Mr. Owens. The "diamond" lover?

Miss Hollener. The "pearl" lover.

Mr. Owens. And why walked they toward the village church? To hear a village sermon?

Miss Hollener. I think not to hear a village sermon.

Mr. Owens. Could it have been to be married?

Miss Hollener. I am almost sure it was.

Mr. Owens. She loved him, then?

Miss Hollener. She loved him.

Mr. Owens. Gabrielle, my darling! You love me?

Miss Hollener. Oswald, I love you. Not another word now. I hear the croquet party returning to the house.

[*He kisses her hand, slips a pearl ring on one of her fingers, and springs to his feet.*

Miss Hollener (*as several ladies and gentlemen come merrily into the room*). Mr. Owens, will you have another cup of tea? You won't? Well, I'm sure you'll have some strawberries and cake on one of these queer old blue plates.

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

Through the elm-shadowed, dusty village way,
To martial music and the cannon's roar,
A long procession moves in loose array,
Flower-laden wains slow creaking on before.

Now where the Silent City 'neath the shade
Uprears its white monitions of decay,
Aside they turn, the shadowy realm invade,
And many a mound bestrew with blossoms gay.

What means it? Hark! upon the tremulous air
A sound of voices breaks, and, wave on wave,
Rolls o'er the dead who calmly slumber there,
In swelling notes, now glad, now sweetly grave:

Hail, hero-martyrs! ye
Who for sweet Liberty
Your heart's blood gave.
Hail, every honored name!
Let all, with loud acclaim,
Sing high your noble fame,
Ye heroes brave!

Strong were the chords ye brake
For Freedom's holy sake,
In that dread hour
When War, with fierce alarms,
Roused Freedom's sons to arms.
O'er your true hearts Love's charms
Had then no power.

Long o'er the land afar
Flamed the red battle-star,
Rolled War's red wave.
Ah, for the thousands slain!
Ah, for the tears and pain!
But, patriots, not in vain
Your life ye gave.

On your green graves anew
Fair flowers we proudly strew,
'Mid smiles and tears.
And though these flowers decay,
The names we laud this day
Shall never fade away,
Through countless years.

The music ceases. From the realm of Death
Slow pass the throng, dispersing as they go;
And of the valiant dead, with bated breath,
They speak in whispers, tenderly and low.

"So will we keep forever green," they say,
"The glorious memory of our patriot band;
And o'er their ashes, on this sacred day,
Sing the old song, *God bless our native land!*"

AN EGYPTIAN SNAKE-CHARMER.

While I was staying some two weeks at Cairo, I had a donkey-boy who was called Mohammed. He was an intelligent young Arab, from whom I extracted a considerable amount of information on all subjects connected with his race, his religion, and boundless superstitions. I should have learned much more had our mutual language been a little more comprehensive. Unfortunately it was limited to some twenty English substantives, half as many verbs, and perhaps some dozen words of other kinds. He was fully inclined to be most communicative, but half his long stories were quite unintelligible to me. Well, wishing to see the performance of a snake-charmer, and one of them being pointed out to me by Mohammed during a morning's ride, I had him called up. He was a ragged vagabond, dressed in little more than a coarse shirt and a felt hat. I had once or twice before observed him hanging about the Esbékyèh (as a kind of park is called), and on the lad's telling him what I wanted, he at once proceeded to show off his snake tricks on the road, a few feet only from where I pulled up. The man had two monkeys with him, and was furnished with a tambourine, although he made little or no use of that instrument during the performance. Drawing a leather bag out of his breast, he inserted his hand in it, and hauled out two snakes, which he dropped on to the ground. The larger one was a cobra, apparently more than four feet long; the other a prettily marked snake, some twelve or fourteen inches in lengh, the name of which I do not know.

Before going further, I may as well mention that the exhibition cobras are deprived of their poison fangs. According to Mohammed, the one I saw was said to have been brought from Makattam, a mountain a few miles out of Cairo; but Zakkara, he told me, was the great place for procuring them. Directly he saw the snakes on the ground, the larger of the two monkeys seized the little snake with his teeth, and carried it off—as far, that is, as his chain (the end of which his master held) would allow him. Jacko, however, seemed to have great fear of the cobra. Without doubt it was the curse of his poor life, for the Arab cruelly compelled him to take an active part in tormenting that dreadful-looking animal. Extended on the ground, the first idea of the cobra was to crawl away, and this it probably would have done, and have taken refuge in one of the neighboring houses, had not the charmer at once commenced a certain process of annoyance by pinching its tail, pulling it, and hurrying round and round it, which kept the brute on one fixed spot. Soon the snake got angry, or, at any rate, excited. Up went its head to the height of about a foot above the ground, with the sides of the neck swelled out, till it took somewhat the shape of a paddle, and as the man ran around it, the snake turned so as always to front him. Every now and then it would make a slight dart toward his outstretched hand.

After a time he stopped, laid a little bag on the ground just below the serpent's head, and placed Jacko's cap on the bag, and then the poor monkey was dragged forward—both he and his companion having kept well behind their master's legs as he circled—and made to rush up and snatch the cap away. I pitied the poor monkey, albeit he came off scot-free. The exhibition ended with the curious trick already alluded to of rendering the cobra torpid or cataleptic. I hardly know what is the right term expressive of this remarkable condition. First of all, the Arab caught up the snake with one hand round the neck just below the *hood*, next he forced it to open its mouth by pressing the thumb and a finger of the other hand into its cheeks. He then, with his mouth close to that of the gaping reptile, spat violently down its throat, after which he dropped it on the ground. The first time he did this, although the snake was visibly affected, it still retained some trace of mobility; observing which, the charmer took it up again, and repeated the operation. This second shot, so to call it, settled matters with the cobra, for, extended at full length on the road, it at once turned over on to its back, and remained as motionless as a sand-bag.

I did not notice any order given to the snake, nor did I observe the charmer place his hand on its head. How long this cataleptic state would last I am not prepared to say. Before it "came to" again, the Arab put it along with the other snake (which he did not employ during at least this particular performance) into the bag. Finally, Jacko was compelled to insert his arm down to the snakes, I believe in quest of a bit of bread, and the exhibition was at an end. I handed the charmer sixpence, and he wended his way. How the state of catalepsy was produced I have no knowledge. It has been suggested that the charmer had some powerful vegetable juice in his mouth before spitting, but this is, as far as I know, a mere surmise, based on no ascertained fact.

Mohammed told me that these snake-charmers were frequently called into houses where a snake had been dicovered, they being supposed to have the power of luring it from its hiding-place, and effecting its capture. He thought, however, they were thorough humbugs, and that the snake they pretended to find was really one of their own. He told me, as well as our vocabulary enabled him, some singular beliefs prevalent among the people respecting snakes; how every house in Cairo was supposed to harbor a serpent, seldom seen though often heard; how a certain minaret of Sultan Hassan's mosque was credited as the home of a huge reptile with wings—in fact, a sort of flying dragon; and how no one dared enter that minaret, the breath of the monster being alone sufficient to destroy life. He also expressed a belief that a snake can not stay in a room where people are smoking.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BEES.

In allusion to the swarming of bees we find various odd ideas among the English people, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:

> "A swarm of bees in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm of bees in June
> Is worth a silver spoon;
> A swarm of bees in July
> Is not worth a butterfly."

And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says,

> "Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
> The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk should they swarm on rotten wood or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay,

> "Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
> Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:

"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap; but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave, and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn tone that people *did* say that if a swarm of bees came to a house, and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father's, about seven months afterward, and I have no doubt but that this was taken as the fulfillment of the portent."

The custom of putting the hives in mourning is very common, and is strictly adhered to, from an apprehension of its omission being attended with fatal consequences. At Cherry-Burton, on a death in the family, a scarf of black crape is applied to each hive on the occasion of the funeral, and pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine is placed at the entrance to the hive.

"A neighbor of mine," says a writer, "bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly, and not likely to thrive, when my neighbor's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master. On this he got a piece of crape and tied it to a stick, which he fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, and when I saw them they were in a very flourishing state—a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put in mourning."

A curious superstitious custom formerly prevailed in Devonshire of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased —if he had any—at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house. Some years ago, at the funeral of a rich old farmer, a painful circumstance occurred. Just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the visitors (a large number) were arranged in order for the procession of the funeral, a person called out, "Turn the bees!" A servant, who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up, and then laid them down on their sides. The bees, thus suddenly invaded, instantly attacked and fastened on the visitors. It was in vain they tried to escape, for the bees precipitately followed, and left their stings as marks of their indignation. A general confusion took place, and it was some time before the friends of the deceased could be rallied together to proceed to the interment.

Another writer says an old blacksmith in Cheshire lamented to him the ill success that had attended his bee-keeping ever since the death of his wife, which he attributed to his having neglected to turn the hives round when that event happened!

In Germany the same superstitious fancies prevail, for not only is the sad message given to every bee-hive in the garden and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched, and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone.

Again, in some localities bees are invited to funerals, and a formal invitation is even sent to them. At Bradfield, a primitive little village on the edge of the moors, in the parish of Ecclesfield, this custom has been kept up from time immemorial. Among other superstitions relating to a sympathy between bees and their owners, there is a popular belief in Cumberland that when the former die their owner will soon do likewise. There is also a vulgar notion that when bees remove or go away from their hives, the owner of them will soon die. In Northamptonshire the entrance of the wild or humble bee into a house is deemed a certain sign of death, and a Welsh belief informs us that a short time previous to the death of the owner of bees, the bees themselves will die without any apparent cause.

Death, however, is not the only event in human life communicated to bees—that more joyous one, marriage, being also announced to them. Thus, in many country places it is said that not only do bees expect to be informed of every wedding, but to have their hives decorated with a wedding festoon. In Lincolnshire it is even customary to present a piece of wedding cake to the bees, for fear of their becoming irate, and stinging every one within their reach. The same practice exists on the Continent; and in Lower Brittany, whenever a marriage takes place, the bee-hives are adorned with a piece of red cloth. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such an occasion, they will take offense and desert the place.

A FEEJEE CORAL REEF.

The first essential is to go in a boat which draws very little water, and which has no new paint to be considered. Then when the tide is low, and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oars would disturb the clear surface of the water beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches, which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges, and heaps of brain and mushroom corals.

These living shrubs assume every shade of color; some are delicate pink or blue, others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away as the living creatures melt away and die when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we see at home are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it—the clear translucent water, which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet corallines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds.

We saw a great number of large star-fish, of the deepest Albert blue, and innumerable other beautiful things, which gained greatly in interest from being shown to me by one so familiar with them all as is Mr. Layard. How you would delight in such an afternoon as this has been, and how the boys would revel in it! It is not altogether pleasant, however, to try walking on the reef, and you generally have to get natives to dive for anything particularly good. They never seem afraid of the many sharp teeth and stinging creatures which may dart out from the coral; and not being troubled by overmuch raiment, they dive in and out like fishes (though, as a general rule, they do dislike wetting their hair). To them the reef is a source of endless amusement and profit, and at low tide there are generally some canoes lying in the shallow water while the girls and young men are hunting for the spoils of the sea, which they carry in three-cornered baskets, slung from the waist. Of course they do not care to spoil their simple raiment with salt-water, so a considerable portion of their dress on these occasions consists of deep fringes and garlands of many-colored leaves, which are a most becoming drapery, with their rich brown skin and tawny head.

The existence of these barrier reefs is an unspeakable benefit to the isles, supplying them with natural break-waters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which they can in most places pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect can not live within the influence of fresh-water. Thus an entrance is secured to the haven of rest, and a very straight and narrow way it often is, and one which calls for careful steering, when the angry breakers are dashing in mad fury on the reef on either side; great rolling waves curling upward in a succession of mighty walls of green water, and falling in such a surging cataract of foam as would make short work of the luckless canoe that should drift within their reach. Once inside the reef, all is secure, save when some unusual storm troubles even these calm waters, as it might ruffle the surface of any lake.

It is hard to realize that these mighty sea-walls are indeed the work of microscopic insects—star-like creatures, invisible to the naked eye; but so it is. It is said they can not live at a greater depth than thirty fathoms, yet the height of the coral walls is in many cases double or treble this measurement, and in some cases a sheer descent of two hundred fathoms has been found. The inference is that many of these isles, as well as the ocean bed from which the coral rises, are gradually subsiding, and the insects are continually working upward. In some cases the island has altogether disappeared, and there remains only a circular or crescent-shaped reef, perhaps fringed with cocoa-palms, encircling a calm lagoon of clear green water, the sea all around being of the deepest blue. These are called *atolls*, and are sometimes many miles in circumference. Some scarcely rise above the water-level, and only a ring of white coral sand betrays their existence.

AMONG THE TURKS.

As to the character of the Turks, it has been said by one of the highest consular authorities that the poorer and humbler he is, the better he is. As he gets money and power, he deteriorates. In the lowest classes you may and do meet with honesty; in the middle classes, seldom; in the highest, never. The Turk, above all, is a good host. Indeed, hospitality is enjoined by the Koran. We may well take a lesson from him, too, in politeness, especially in conversation. If you are privileged to have an interview with a Turk, you will find him a good listener; he never interrupts, and never wastes words to make talk. When he has finished, he asks permission to go, and vanishes. He is not given to the odious, because abused, custom of the "shake-hands." His salute, the Temenas, is most graceful. He makes the motion as if to sweep the ground with his right hand, bringing it to his heart, lips, and forehead, thus indicating that all he has on earth is yours, as well as showing his friendliness and constant thoughtfulness for your welfare.

Listen to a true story illustrating the Turk in all his dealings, whether commercially, politically, or as a diplomatist. A peasant was summoned before the Cadi for stealing a sack of onions. "Now we have thee on the hip, and thou shalt know what it is to incur our displeasure. Bismillah! Choose, slave: wilt thou pay a thousand piastres, receive a hundred blows of the bastinado, or wilt thou eat the contents of the sack of onions? Quick: choose!" "Gracious lord, I have no money wherewith to satisfy thee; I fear the bastinado; and will choose rather to eat my onions." He ate, and was fain to stop, and preferred the bastinado. After some fifty strokes he repents, and thinks he can find somewhere in his house five hundred piastres. But this money was not enough to release him from his troubles; he ate more onions, then there was a little more bastinado. Eventually he received eighty strokes, ate nearly all the onions, and paid the penalty of a thousand piastres in full.

What is to be done with Constantinople? The exchequer is at the lowest ebb, the power of borrowing reduced to nil, the civil list nearly ten million dollars, and an increasing deficit in the revenue. All officials' pay, civil and military, in arrear for months, and general destitution not only in the capital, but in the provinces. Nothing but the halo surrounding the titles of Caliph, Padishah, and Pontiff of Mussulmans could have hitherto prevented the people breaking out; but, tolerant as they are, the camel's back is well nigh broken.

ambush near. In the front line, under the gallant Pickens—always at the front—were arrayed the volunteers and militia from the Carolinas and Georgia. A slight pine wood, without underbrush, concealed the ranks of the Americans.

At about eight o'clock Tarleton appeared. He had two field-pieces, three hundred and fifty cavalry, a large body of regular troops, and in all eleven hundred men. They were weary with the long march, but he resolved to attack at once. He flung himself upon the Americans. His dragoons pierced the ranks of the militia; his victory seemed sure. But Morgan had directed his men to fall back, and relied chiefly on his regulars and his cavalry. The English pressed on with loud shouts and cries. The bright sun shone down upon the fragrant woods, alive with the noise of battle. At first it seemed as if freedom was lost to the Carolinas, and hope had perished; but Morgan and Howard, roused by the sight, held their line firmly against the foe. The British troops were kept in check by a fierce fire from the Continentals; for a time they held their position, and even moved forward; then the stalwart men from Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas charged with bayonets the weary foe, and broke their line. Then Washington with his cavalry fell swiftly on the English horse and foot, and chased them over the field. Never was there a more complete defeat. In one part of the field Tarleton and Washington met in single combat. Washington had ridden alone far in advance of his squadron, when the enraged Tarleton turned upon him, with his two aides. He made a stroke with his sword at Washington, but Washington parried it, and wounded him in his hand. Tarleton fired a pistol at his opponent, wounding him in the knee, and then rode swiftly away. The English lost five hundred prisoners, and many killed and wounded; their guns were taken. The Americans lost but few.

Far and wide spread the fame of the great victory, and the names of Cowpens, Morgan, Washington, and Howard resounded through Europe and America. Congress covered the victors with honors. They voted a fine gold medal to Morgan, a silver one to Washington, another to Howard, a sword to Pickens, and rewards to the other officers. They might well rejoice, for Morgan's resolution and courage had turned the tide of war. Cornwallis and Tarleton moved northward in a vain pursuit of Greene. The Carolinas were abandoned; Rawdon found them hostile and unsafe, and pretending illness, set sail for England. Greene, Morgan, Sumter, and Marion held all the interior country, and Charleston alone remained in hostile hands. Meanwhile Cornwallis and Tarleton pressed onward to their fate, and with cruel ravages and amidst the general hatred of the people were shut up in Yorktown, and fell at the great victory of freedom.

After a hundred years of progress the people of the neighborhood meet to celebrate the battle of Cowpens. All is now peace. The Blue Mountains look down upon a country that may yet become one of the most prosperous of all. The principles of freedom, for which Morgan and Washington fought at Cowpens, have conquered at last in every civilized land; the political theories of absolutism and tyranny, for which Tarleton and his allies contended vainly, are beaten everywhere. England has adopted the ideas of America. Europe admits the natural rights of man, and the victories of the Revolution point the way to universal peace.

Eugene Lawrence.

FOUR BLUE PLATES.

Drawing-room in Mrs. Hollener's *country house.* Gabrielle, *her only child, one-and-twenty, exceedingly pretty, low-browed, dark-eyed, and fair-haired, sitting before a small table, on which are an old-fashioned silver tea-set and four very old-fashioned blue plates. She is looking at one of the plates. The sound of merry voices floats in from the garden, as* Oswald Owens, *three-and-twenty, tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and dark-haired, enters the room, and advances toward her. She drops the spoon with which she has been toying, in momentary confusion, and looks up, with a faint blush.*

Miss Hollener. Not playing croquet, Mr. Owens?

Mr. Owens. "Not playing croquet," Miss Hollener. I came to seek you. They are asking for you in the garden.

Miss Hollener. I hope, if they continue to ask, they will continue to ask at that safe distance; I don't want to hear them. Mamma is there, is she not?

Mr. Owens. Yes, enacting the *rôle* of the hostess charmingly, as she always does.

Miss Hollener. Then I certainly shall not go. You look as though you thought me remiss in daughterly duty. [*On the contrary, his expression is one of intense approbation.*] I am not. This is entirely mamma's party, and *she* likes croquet. As for me, I boldly avow I detest it, and never could understand the wild enthusiasm with which so many people whack unoffending wooden balls about, and then run wildly after them. I only promised to pour out the tea, and having done that, prefer to sit here by myself—

Mr. Owens (*half turning away*). By yourself? I beg pardon for my intrusion, and will remain no longer.

Miss Hollener. I had not finished my sentence, Mr. Owens. By myself, or with a pleasant companion.

Mr. Owens. And am I fortunate enough to be regarded by you as a pleasant companion?

Miss Hollener (*with a demure smile*). Well, I do not think you so *very unpleasant.*

Mr. Owens (*eagerly*). Then I may stay?

Miss Hollener. If you promise to be entertaining.

Mr. Owens (*taking a seat on the opposite side of the table*). I promise to try, but I am afraid my powers of entertainment are but small. Are you interested in scientific subjects?

Miss Hollener. Not at this moment, unless old plates are scientific subjects. I was puzzling over these (*directing his attention to the blue plates*) when you came in. They form, as you see, a series of pictures. Mamma bought them at a sale the other day, and they are ever so ancient, and consequently ever so interesting. Are you learned in earthenware lore? I hope you are, and can read the pictured story, for I'm dying to know what it all means. This one evidently represents an incident in the early youth of the hero and heroine; and this— [*Some one outside calls,* "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Miss Hollener, *with a slight shrug of her shoulders, leaves her chair, and takes a few steps in the direction of the voice, when the caller, apparently satisfied that the called is not within hearing, retreating, she returns, and resumes her seat.*] Now, if you please, commence, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Owens. You take it for granted, then, that I *am* learned in earthenware lore?

Miss Hollener. I do. I hear that you are extremely clever, and have invented something that the world has long been in need of. You may, by-and-by, if you will be so kind, tell me all about it; but now I am just in the mood to listen to a story.

Mr. Owens. And I, to confess the truth, just in the mood to tell one. But I trust it will not disappoint you. It is barely possible, you know, to invent "something the world has long been in need of," and yet lack cleverness as a story-teller. But you are growing impatient, and I hasten to begin. The first plate, if you please. [*She hands it to him. He studies it a moment.*] Once on a time— Will that do for a beginning?

Miss Hollener. Excellently well. It carries me at once back to the days of my childhood. They were happy days, Mr. Owens. I doubt if I have ever known happier.

Mr. Owens (*a glow of pleasure lighting his face*). Once on a time there lived in the "big house" of a beautiful Connecticut village a lovely little girl with fair curls and the most wonderful dark gray eyes. She was an only child, and adored by her father and mother and all the rest of the household, as she well deserved to be, being the quaintest, brightest, and most generous little creature that ever sang and danced through a merry childhood. In the smallest house in the village lived a boy—

Miss Hollener. A "lovely" boy?

Mr. Owens (*gravely*). His mother thought so.

Miss Hollener. His eyes and hair?

Mr. Owens. Blue and black, if my memory serves me aright. He was the son of a pretty little woman, who, having at the age of seventeen married for love a poor German geologist, found herself at twenty a widow with no money and a baby boy. An old aunt to whom she applied for assistance offered her and her child a home. That home was the diminutive cottage to which I have already referred. Here she managed to make a living by the aid of her needle, the lady at the "big house" being her chief patroness. And the fact of the lady of the "big house" being her chief patroness led to the two children growing up, as it were, together. From the very first the boy constituted himself the guardian and protector of the little girl. He guided her first toddling steps. His was the first name she ever spoke. And when she grew old enough to lead, he followed her faithfully. Never was knight in olden time more devoted to lady fair. You see them here on this plate gathering blackberries. Her basket, as you will observe, is brimming over, while his is still empty.

Miss Hollener (*looking at the plate with an appearance of great interest*). Yes, so it is. Pity everything is so blue, including the blackberries, isn't it? And really I can't see the loveliness of the little girl. Her nose, I am sure, is crooked, and her arms much too long. And the berries look like pears. But perhaps berries *did* look like pears in those days.

Mr. Owens. Well, time went on, and the playmates met almost every day, the parents of the gray-eyed girl thinking only of the blue-eyed boy as the son of a faithful dependent who had inherited his mother's faithfulness, when one day—she was then twelve and he fourteen—they quarrelled.

Miss Hollener. Had they never quarrelled before?

Mr. Owens. Oh yes, many a time. But this was the first serious quarrel. He had presumed to reprove her for something she had done.

Miss Hollener. Had he never "presumed to reprove her" before?

Mr. Owens. Often. But this time he added to the reproof the remark that her conduct had not only been unkind, but unladylike: she had snatched her skipping-rope from the hands of a young darky who was surreptitiously enjoying a skip with it. The picture on the second plate represents the quarrel. She is turning away from him, with flashing eyes, while she says: "And yet I *am* a lady. But *you* seem to forget what *you* are—a sewing-woman's boy, my mother's servant's son!"

Miss Hollener. Extremely rude and unkind, after so many years of devotion on his part; but I dare say she was very sorry directly after her ungrateful speech, and no doubt regrets it till this day. But really now, Mr. Owens, *do* you think this illustration a good one? To me it does not look like a quarrel at all. She is smiling sweetly—

Mr. Owens. Scornfully, I assure you.

Miss Hollener. And he, certainly he is holding out to her an intensely cerulean apple, with a slight crack across it.

Mr. Owens. You mistake. It is a ball which she presented to him just before the unpleasantness, and which he, in his boyish indignation, is mutely demanding she shall take back.

Miss Hollener. And they don't appear to be any older than they were when they were gathering pears—I mean blackberries.

Mr. Owens. Appearances are often deceitful. They are several years older. The boy left her in silence, but the taunt sank deep into his heart, and that very night he bade "good-by" to the small cottage, and went out into the world to seek his fortune. After much hard struggling, he found it—not a great one, but more than enough to support the dear mother and himself in comfort. And at last a timely invention brought him fame, and fame brought him once more face to face with the love of his boyhood. Her father had died soon after their separation, and she and her mother had left the "big house" in the beautiful village, and gone to live in the adjacent city. At least they lived there during the winters, but passed their summers in a villa at one of our watering-places. You see the young lady on the third plate rowing herself in a fairy-like boat, while her mother stands on the shore looking on with evident admiration?

Miss Hollener. I do. The boat in form not unlike a bath-tub, the oars pointing skyward, and the mamma so near that if she be not extremely careful, her aquatic daughter will row directly over her. Pray go on, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Owens. He found her surrounded by suitors, as he expected she would be. But oh! the joy that filled his constant heart when he also found that she distinguished none. A happy, happy month passed by—happy because he met her almost every day; happy although she never referred to the old times; happy because her graciousness led him to dream that ere long he might gain courage to tell her that his heart was at her feet—when a new rival appeared: a gentleman of great wealth and position, a man who offered her diamonds where he could offer only one little pearl, a man her mother approved of, a man all mothers approved of. Behold him, on the fourth plate, taking her out to drive.

Miss Hollener. With two fearfully foreshortened horses, in a vehicle like a sleigh on two very tall wheels with an immense umbrella over it. Her dress is almost all skirt, and his hat resembles an overgrown flower-pot. But this is the last plate. Is there no more of the story?

Mr. Owens. There are still two short chapters. To end with the fourth plate would be indeed an unsatisfactory conclusion. I am impressed that the last two illustrations were broken, and that that is the reason your mother did not obtain them. On the fifth plate the lover—

Miss Hollener. The "diamond" lover?

Mr. Owens. The "pearl" lover, having found the darling of his heart one day alone, and being well-nigh distracted by the fear of losing her forever, was kneeling before her [*he kneels before her*], unable to say anything but "I love you—I have always loved you—I shall love you all my life."

Miss Hollener (*her voice trembling, and a tear gleaming above her smile*). Indeed, indeed, Mr. Owens, you must not act out your story so demonstratively. Rise, I beg of you. Suppose mamma or some of our guests should come in!

Mr. Owens (*still kneeling*). The sixth plate, Miss Hollener.

Miss Hollener. The sixth plate?

Mr. Owens. Yes; here I remain until you describe it.

Miss Hollener. I? You forget—you are telling the story.

Mr. Owens. I can go no farther. It is for you to finish.

Miss Hollener. And you are really determined to maintain that absurd position until I do so?

Mr. Owens. I am.

Miss Hollener. I yield to necessity; and necessity being the mother of invention, I invent. On the sixth plate, Mr. Owens, in the distance a village church was half-hidden by a group of azure trees, and toward this village church, bluer than ever, walked arm in arm—or, stay, hand in hand; that is more pastoral—the lady and her lover—

Mr. Owens. The "diamond" lover?

Miss Hollener. The "pearl" lover.

Mr. Owens. And why walked they toward the village church? To hear a village sermon?

Miss Hollener. I think not to hear a village sermon.

Mr. Owens. Could it have been to be married?

Miss Hollener. I am almost sure it was.

Mr. Owens. She loved him, then?

Miss Hollener. She loved him.

Mr. Owens. Gabrielle, my darling! You love me?

Miss Hollener. Oswald, I love you. Not another word now. I hear the croquet party returning to the house.

[*He kisses her hand, slips a pearl ring on one of her fingers, and springs to his feet.*

Miss Hollener (*as several ladies and gentlemen come merrily into the room*). Mr. Owens, will you have another cup of tea? You won't? Well, I'm sure you'll have some strawberries and cake on one of these queer old blue plates.

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

Through the elm-shadowed, dusty village way,
To martial music and the cannon's roar,
A long procession moves in loose array,
Flower-laden wains slow creaking on before.

Now where the Silent City 'neath the shade
Uprears its white monitions of decay,
Aside they turn, the shadowy realm invade,
And many a mound bestrew with blossoms gay.

What means it? Hark! upon the tremulous air
A sound of voices breaks, and, wave on wave,
Rolls o'er the dead who calmly slumber there,
In swelling notes, now glad, now sweetly grave:

Hail, hero-martyrs! ye
Who for sweet Liberty
Your heart's blood gave.
Hail, every honored name!
Let all, with loud acclaim,
Sing high your noble fame,
Ye heroes brave!

Strong were the chords ye brake
For Freedom's holy sake,
In that dread hour
When War, with fierce alarms,
Roused Freedom's sons to arms.
O'er your true hearts Love's charms
Had then no power.

Long o'er the land afar
Flamed the red battle-star,
Rolled War's red wave.
Ah, for the thousands slain!
Ah, for the tears and pain!
But, patriots, not in vain
Your life ye gave.

On your green graves anew
Fair flowers we proudly strew,
'Mid smiles and tears.
And though these flowers decay,
The names we laud this day
Shall never fade away,
Through countless years.

The music ceases. From the realm of Death
Slow pass the throng, dispersing as they go;
And of the valiant dead, with bated breath,
They speak in whispers, tenderly and low.

"So will we keep forever green," they say,
"The glorious memory of our patriot band;
And o'er their ashes, on this sacred day,
Sing the old song, *God bless our native land!*"

AN EGYPTIAN SNAKE-CHARMER.

While I was staying some two weeks at Cairo, I had a donkey-boy who was called Mohammed. He was an intelligent young Arab, from whom I extracted a considerable amount of information on all subjects connected with his race, his religion, and boundless superstitions. I should have learned much more had our mutual language been a little more comprehensive. Unfortunately it was limited to some twenty English substantives, half as many verbs, and perhaps some dozen words of other kinds. He was fully inclined to be most communicative, but half his long stories were quite unintelligible to me. Well, wishing to see the performance of a snake-charmer, and one of them being pointed out to me by Mohammed during a morning's ride, I had him called up. He was a ragged vagabond, dressed in little more than a coarse shirt and a felt hat. I had once or twice before observed him hanging about the Esbékyèh (as a kind of park is called), and on the lad's telling him what I wanted, he at once proceeded to show off his snake tricks on the road, a few feet only from where I pulled up. The man had two monkeys with him, and was furnished with a tambourine, although he made little or no use of that instrument during the performance. Drawing a leather bag out of his breast, he inserted his hand in it, and hauled out two snakes, which he dropped on to the ground. The larger one was a cobra, apparently more than four feet long; the other a prettily marked snake, some twelve or fourteen inches in lengh, the name of which I do not know.

Before going further, I may as well mention that the exhibition cobras are deprived of their poison fangs. According to Mohammed, the one I saw was said to have been brought from Makattam, a mountain a few miles out of Cairo; but Zakkara, he told me, was the great place for procuring them. Directly he saw the snakes on the ground, the larger of the two monkeys seized the little snake with his teeth, and carried it off—as far, that is, as his chain (the end of which his master held) would allow him. Jacko, however, seemed to have great fear of the cobra. Without doubt it was the curse of his poor life, for the Arab cruelly compelled him to take an active part in tormenting that dreadful-looking animal. Extended on the ground, the first idea of the cobra was to crawl away, and this it probably would have done, and have taken refuge in one of the neighboring houses, had not the charmer at once commenced a certain process of annoyance by pinching its tail, pulling it, and hurrying round and round it, which kept the brute on one fixed spot. Soon the snake got angry, or, at any rate, excited. Up went its head to the height of about a foot above the ground, with the sides of the neck swelled out, till it took somewhat the shape of a paddle, and as the man ran around it, the snake turned so as always to front him. Every now and then it would make a slight dart toward his outstretched hand.

After a time he stopped, laid a little bag on the ground just below the serpent's head, and placed Jacko's cap on the bag, and then the poor monkey was dragged forward—both he and his companion having kept well behind their master's legs as he circled—and made to rush up and snatch the cap away. I pitied the poor monkey, albeit he came off scot-free. The exhibition ended with the curious trick already alluded to of rendering the cobra torpid or cataleptic. I hardly know what is the right term expressive of this remarkable condition. First of all, the Arab caught up the snake with one hand round the neck just below the *hood*, next he forced it to open its mouth by pressing the thumb and a finger of the other hand into its cheeks. He then, with his mouth close to that of the gaping reptile, spat violently down its throat, after which he dropped it on the ground. The first time he did this, although the snake was visibly affected, it still retained some trace of mobility; observing which, the charmer took it up again, and repeated the operation. This second shot, so to call it, settled matters with the cobra, for, extended at full length on the road, it at once turned over on to its back, and remained as motionless as a sand-bag.

I did not notice any order given to the snake, nor did I observe the charmer place his hand on its head. How long this cataleptic state would last I am not prepared to say. Before it "came to" again, the Arab put it along with the other snake (which he did not employ during at least this particular performance) into the bag. Finally, Jacko was compelled to insert his arm down to the snakes, I believe in quest of a bit of bread, and the exhibition was at an end. I handed the charmer sixpence, and he wended his way. How the state of catalepsy was produced I have no knowledge. It has been suggested that the charmer had some powerful vegetable juice in his mouth before spitting, but this is, as far as I know, a mere surmise, based on no ascertained fact.

Mohammed told me that these snake-charmers were frequently called into houses where a snake had been dicovered, they being supposed to have the power of luring it from its hiding-place, and effecting its capture. He thought, however, they were thorough humbugs, and that the snake they pretended to find was really one of their own. He told me, as well as our vocabulary enabled him, some singular beliefs prevalent among the people respecting snakes; how every house in Cairo was supposed to harbor a serpent, seldom seen though often heard; how a certain minaret of Sultan Hassan's mosque was credited as the home of a huge reptile with wings—in fact, a sort of flying dragon; and how no one dared enter that minaret, the breath of the monster being alone sufficient to destroy life. He also expressed a belief that a snake can not stay in a room where people are smoking.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BEES.

IN allusion to the swarming of bees we find various odd ideas among the English people, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a butterfly."

And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says,

"Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk should they swarm on rotten wood or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay,

"Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:

"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap; but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave, and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn tone that people *did* say that if a swarm of bees came to a house, and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father's, about seven months afterward, and I have no doubt but that this was taken as the fulfillment of the portent."

The custom of putting the hives in mourning is very common, and is strictly adhered to, from an apprehension of its omission being attended with fatal consequences. At Cherry-Burton, on a death in the family, a scarf of black crape is applied to each hive on the occasion of the funeral, and pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine is placed at the entrance to the hive.

"A neighbor of mine," says a writer, "bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly, and not likely to thrive, when my neighbor's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master. On this he got a piece of crape and tied it to a stick, which he fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, and when I saw them they were in a very flourishing state—a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put in mourning."

A curious superstitious custom formerly prevailed in Devonshire of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased—if he had any—at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house. Some years ago, at the funeral of a rich old farmer, a painful circumstance occurred. Just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the visitors (a large number) were arranged in order for the procession of the funeral, a person called out, "Turn the bees!" A servant, who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up, and then laid them down on their sides. The bees, thus suddenly invaded, instantly attacked and fastened on the visitors. It was in vain they tried to escape, for the bees precipitately followed, and left their stings as marks of their indignation. A general confusion took place, and it was some time before the friends of the deceased could be rallied together to proceed to the interment.

Another writer says an old blacksmith in Cheshire lamented to him the ill success that had attended his bee-keeping ever since the death of his wife, which he attributed to his having neglected to turn the hives round when that event happened!

In Germany the same superstitious fancies prevail, for not only is the sad message given to every bee-hive in the garden and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched, and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone.

Again, in some localities bees are invited to funerals, and a formal invitation is even sent to them. At Bradfield, a primitive little village on the edge of the moors, in the parish of Ecclesfield, this custom has been kept up from time immemorial. Among other superstitions relating to a sympathy between bees and their owners, there is a popular belief in Cumberland that when the former die their owner will soon do likewise. There is also a vulgar notion that when bees remove or go away from their hives, the owner of them will soon die. In Northamptonshire the entrance of the wild or humble bee into a house is deemed a certain sign of death, and a Welsh belief informs us that a short time previous to the death of the owner of bees, the bees themselves will die without any apparent cause.

Death, however, is not the only event in human life communicated to bees—that more joyous one, marriage, being also announced to them. Thus, in many country places it is said that not only do bees expect to be informed of every wedding, but to have their hives decorated with a wedding festoon. In Lincolnshire it is even customary to present a piece of wedding cake to the bees, for fear of their becoming irate, and stinging every one within their reach. The same practice exists on the Continent; and in Lower Brittany, whenever a marriage takes place, the bee-hives are adorned with a piece of red cloth. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such an occasion, they will take offense and desert the place.

A FEEJEE CORAL REEF.

THE first essential is to go in a boat which draws very little water, and which has no new paint to be considered. Then when the tide is low, and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oars would disturb the clear surface of the water beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches, which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges, and heaps of brain and mushroom corals.

These living shrubs assume every shade of color; some are delicate pink or blue, others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away as the living creatures melt away and die when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we see at home are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it—the clear translucent water, which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet corallines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds.

We saw a great number of large star-fish, of the deepest Albert blue, and innumerable other beautiful things, which gained greatly in interest from being shown to me by one so familiar with them all as is Mr. Layard. How you would delight in such an afternoon as this has been, and how the boys would revel in it! It is not altogether pleasant, however, to try walking on the reef, and you generally have to get natives to dive for anything particularly good. They never seem afraid of the many sharp teeth and stinging creatures which may dart out from the coral; and not being troubled by overmuch raiment, they dive in and out like fishes (though, as a general rule, they do dislike wetting their hair). To them the reef is a source of endless amusement and profit, and at low tide there are generally some canoes lying in the shallow water while the girls and young men are hunting for the spoils of the sea, which they carry in three-cornered baskets, slung from the waist. Of course they do not care to spoil their simple raiment with salt-water, so a considerable portion of their dress on these occasions consists of deep fringes and garlands of many-colored leaves, which are a most becoming drapery, with their rich brown skin and tawny head.

The existence of these barrier reefs is an unspeakable benefit to the isles, supplying them with natural break-waters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which they can in most places pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect can not live within the influence of fresh-water. Thus an entrance is secured to the haven of rest, and a very straight and narrow way it often is, and one which calls for careful steering, when the angry breakers are dashing in mad fury on the reef on either side; great rolling waves curling upward in a succession of mighty walls of green water, and falling in such a surging cataract of foam as would make short work of the luckless canoe that should drift within their reach. Once inside the reef, all is secure, save when some unusual storm troubles even these calm waters, as it might ruffle the surface of any lake.

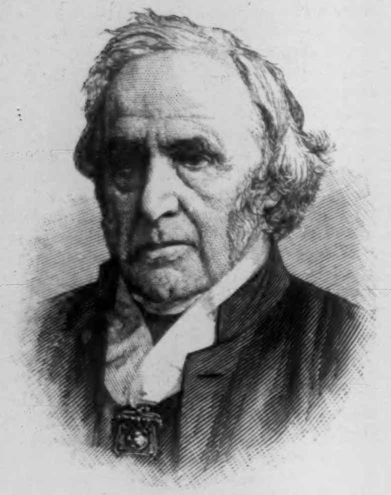
It is hard to realize that these mighty sea-walls are indeed the work of microscopic insects—star-like creatures, invisible to the naked eye; but so it is. It is said they can not live at a greater depth than thirty fathoms, yet the height of the coral walls is in many cases double or treble this measurement, and in some cases a sheer descent of two hundred fathoms has been found. The inference is that many of these isles, as well as the ocean bed from which the coral rises, are gradually subsiding, and the insects are continually working upward. In some cases the island has altogether disappeared, and there remains only a circular or crescent-shaped reef, perhaps fringed with cocoa-palms, encircling a calm lagoon of clear green water, the sea all around being of the deepest blue. These are called *atolls*, and are sometimes many miles in circumference. Some scarcely rise above the water-level, and only a ring of white coral sand betrays their existence.

AMONG THE TURKS.

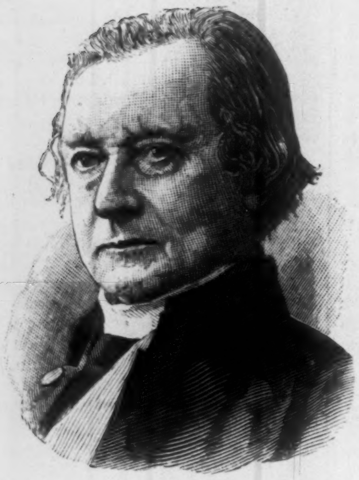
As to the character of the Turks, it has been said by one of the highest consular authorities that the poorer and humbler he is, the better he is. As he gets money and power, he deteriorates. In the lowest classes you may and do meet with honesty; in the middle classes, seldom; in the highest, never. The Turk, above all, is a good host. Indeed, hospitality is enjoined by the Koran. We may well take a lesson from him, too, in politeness, especially in conversation. If you are privileged to have an interview with a Turk, you will find him a good listener; he never interrupts, and never wastes words to make talk. When he has finished, he asks permission to go, and vanishes. He is not given to the odious, because abused, custom of the "shake-hands." His salute, the Temenas, is most graceful. He makes the motion as if to sweep the ground with his right hand, bringing it to his heart, lips, and forehead, thus indicating that all he has on earth is yours, as well as showing his friendliness and constant thoughtfulness for your welfare.

Listen to a true story illustrating the Turk in all his dealings, whether commercially, politically, or as a diplomatist. A peasant was summoned before the Cadi for stealing a sack of onions. "Now we have thee on the hip, and thou shalt know what it is to incur our displeasure. Bismillah! Choose, slave: wilt thou pay a thousand piastres, receive a hundred blows of the bastinado, or wilt thou eat the contents of the sack of onions? Quick: choose!" "Gracious lord, I have no money wherewith to satisfy thee; I fear the bastinado; and will choose rather to eat my onions." He ate, and was fain to stop, and preferred the bastinado. After some fifty strokes he repents, and thinks he can find somewhere in his house five hundred piastres. But this money was not enough to release him from his troubles; he ate more onions, then there was a little more bastinado. Eventually he received eighty strokes, ate nearly all the onions, and paid the penalty of a thousand piastres in full.

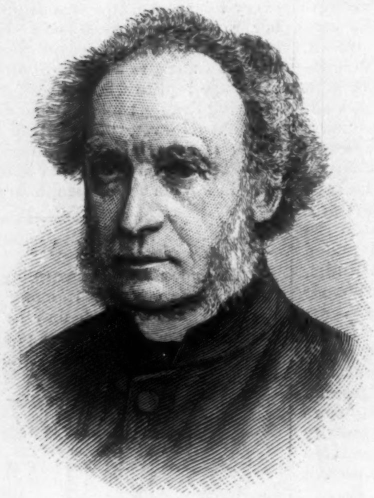
What is to be done with Constantinople? The exchequer is at the lowest ebb, the power of borrowing reduced to nil, the civil list nearly ten million dollars, and an increasing deficit in the revenue. All officials' pay, civil and military, in arrear for months, and general destitution not only in the capital, but in the provinces. Nothing but the halo surrounding the titles of Caliph, Padishah, and Pontiff of Mussulmans could have hitherto prevented the people breaking out; but, tolerant as they are, the camel's back is well-nigh broken.



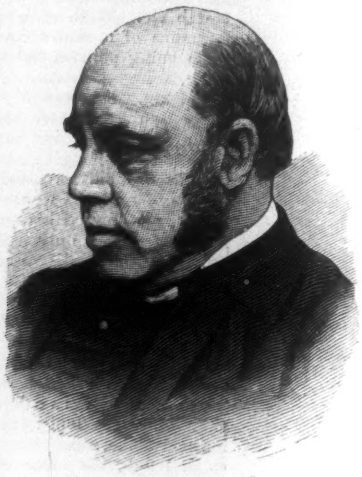
THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.



THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.



THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

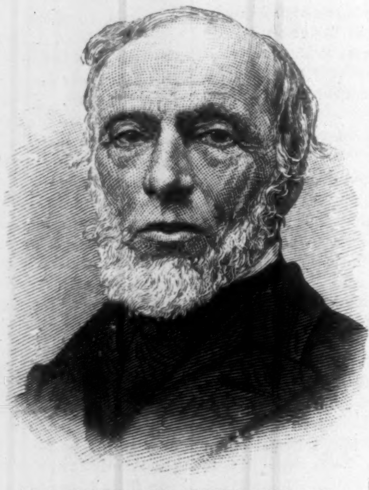
By CHARLES F. THWING.

THE pedigree of the English Bible covers nine generations. Its great ancestor is the translation of Wycliffe, finished in 1380. Tyndale's version of a century and a half later, the first printed translation, forms the second link of the family line. From Tyndale's translation sprang Coverdale's, in 1535; and from both these, two years later, the "Matthew's Bible" of the martyr Rogers. The "Great Bible," the Puritan Geneva version of 1560, emphatically made in its one hundred editions the people's Bible, the Bishops' revision of 1572, the Romanist Rheims New Testament of 1582, and the King James translation of 1611 indicate the successive generations.

It is now two hundred and seventy years since a translation of the Bible into English, authorized by the Church, has been made. Translations of either the whole or parts of the Bible have been made by individuals. In 1823, Noah Webster published his version of both the Old Testament and the New. The late Professor George R. Noyes, of Cambridge, rendered the entire New Testament and parts of the Old into excellent English. Moses Stuart, Andrews Norton, Bishop Ellicott, Dean Alford, and many other commentators have each translated several books; but the revision now in progress is the first international and "interdenominational" attempted for nearly three centuries.

The present scheme originated in the Convocation of Canterbury, May 6, 1870. This Synod, composed, in its two houses, of the highest officers of the English Church (in the southern counties), appointed a committee of eminent Biblical scholars to revise the version of 1611. They were empowered to associate with them scholars and divines of other denominations. At the invitation of the English revisers an American committee was formed in 1871. The English committee is composed of fifty-two members, twenty-seven being enrolled in the Old Testament and twenty-five in the New Testament company. They comprise the ablest Hebrew and Greek scholars of the island. The American committee numbers twenty-seven, with fourteen and thirteen members in each company.

The reasons for making the revision now in progress are numerous and of great force. The fact that the translation of 1611 was made from corrupt and imperfect texts proves the need of this re-examination. In the Old Testament, King James's translators depended upon the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and a few paraphrases for the correctness of their text. The present revisers, in addition to these texts, possess the Syriac, Arabic, and other versions. For the New Testament the former translators used editions of the Greek Testament founded upon a small number of inferior manuscripts, none earlier than the thirteenth



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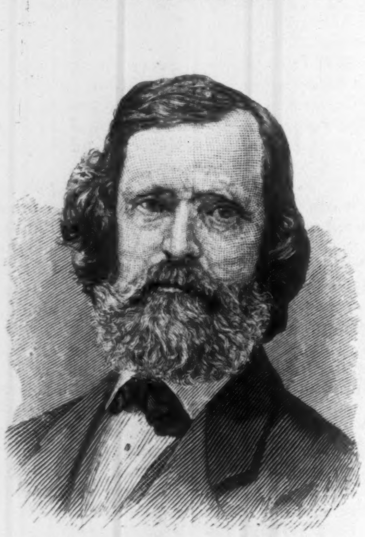

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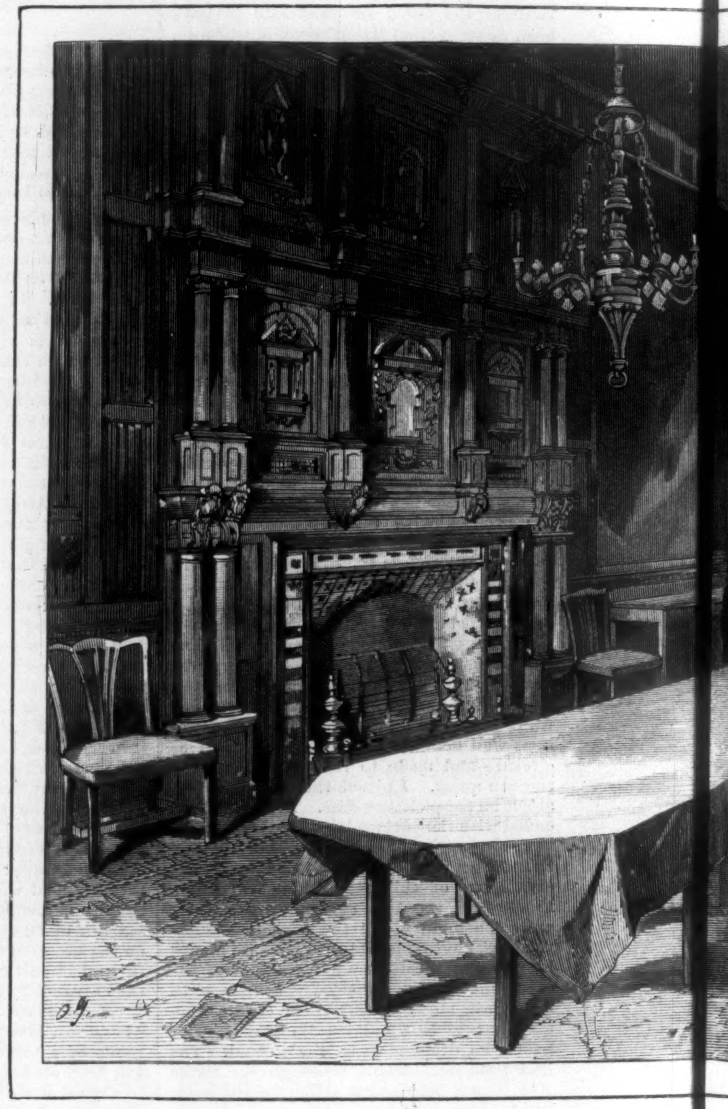
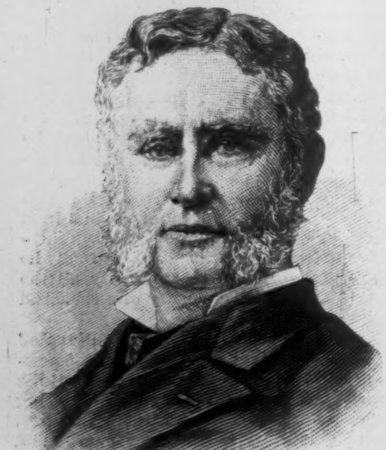


THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE T



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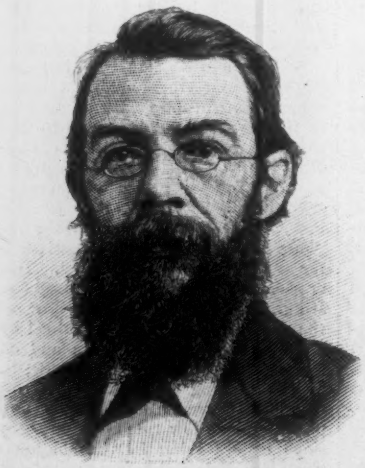

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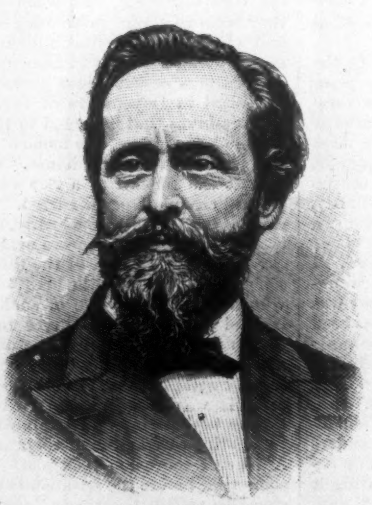

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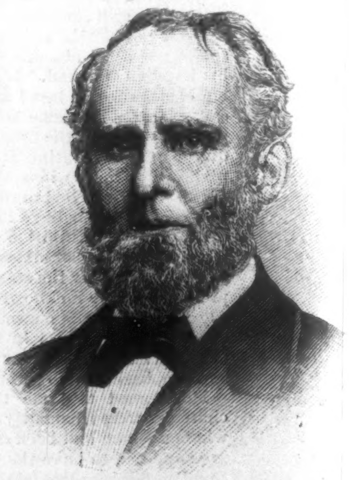

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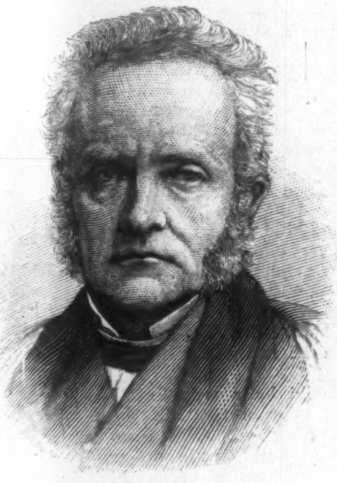
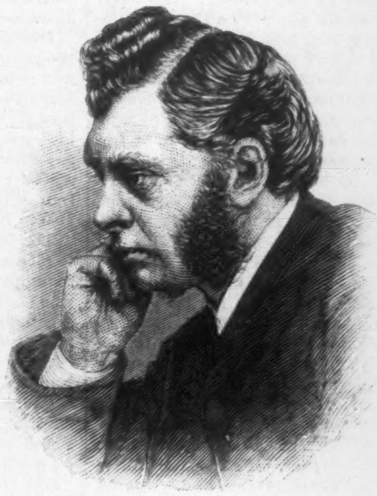
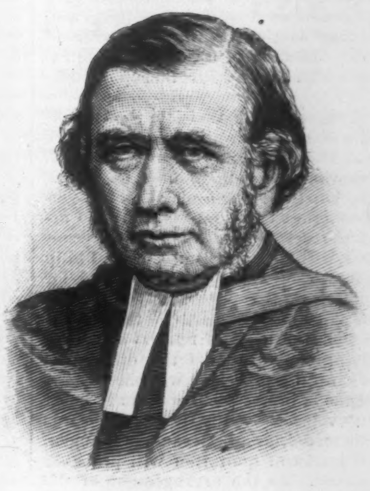
BRITISH AND AMERICAN REVISERS OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW STAM



THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



THE REV. CANON TROUTBECK, SECRETARY BRITISH COMMITTEE.



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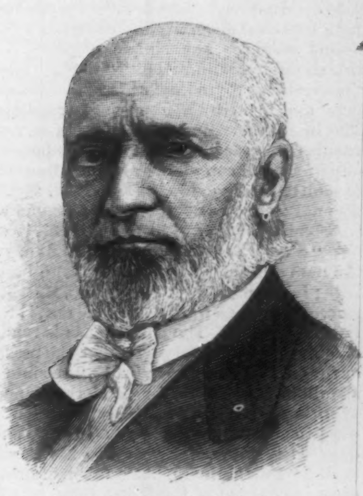

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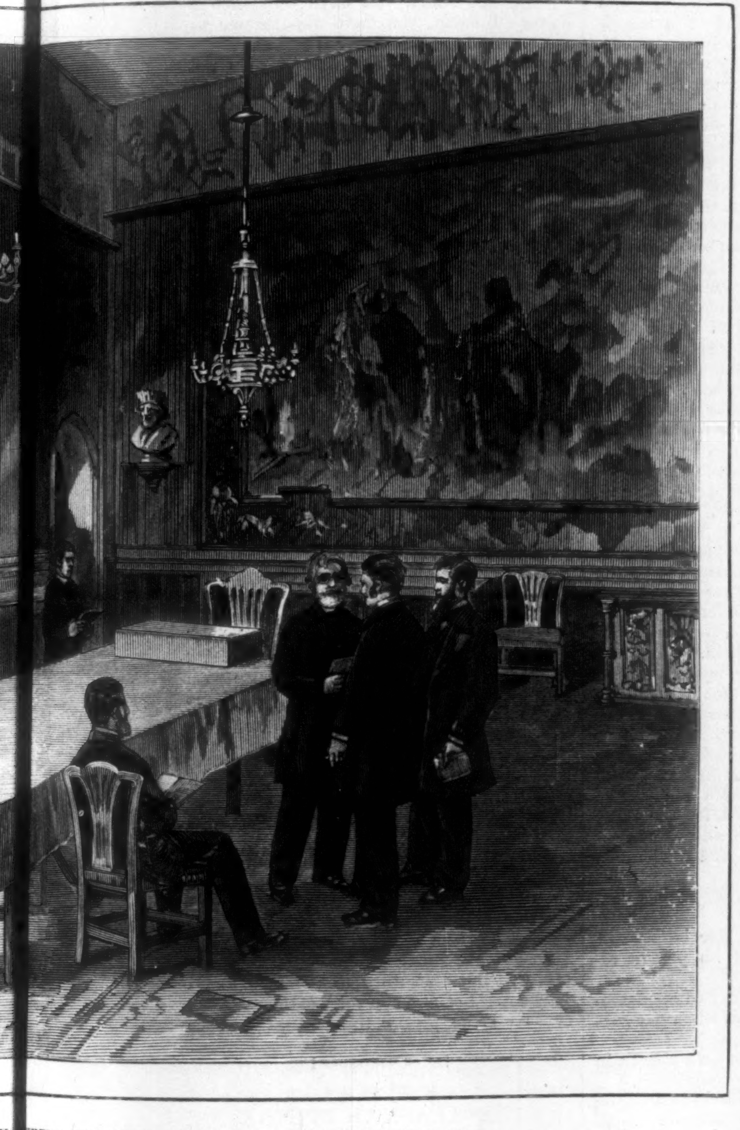
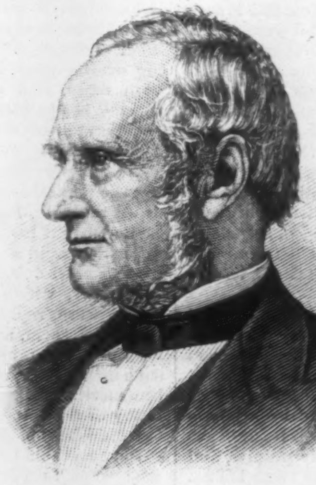


Y, HERE THE BRITISH REVISERS HELD THEIR MEETINGS.

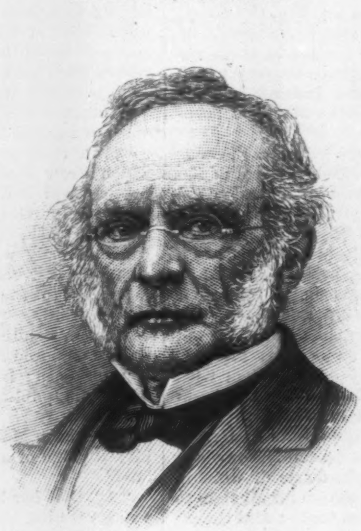


PROF. A. C. KENDRICK, D.D., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

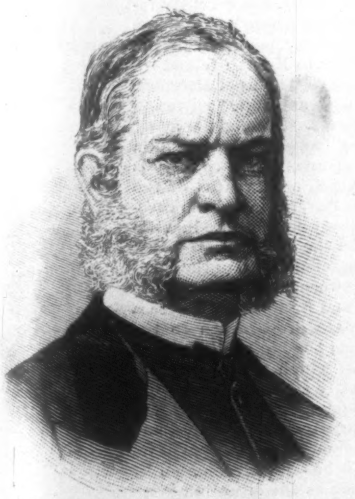
century. But the present revisers use a text founded upon manuscripts ranging from the fourth to the tenth century. Of them, twenty-seven contain the Gospels, ten the Acts and Catholic Epistles, eleven the Pauline Epistles, and five the book of Revelation. The Sinaitic manuscript, containing the entire New Testament, and the Vatican, containing the larger part, are as early as the middle of the fourth century. In consequence of the lack of a pure text and of philological helps in translation, many errors crept into the version of 1611. In Proverbs, xxiv. 21, the authorized version reads, "My son, meddle not with them that are given to change." "Given" is not found in the Hebrew. Daniel, vii. 9, "I beheld till the thrones were cast down," should read, I beheld till the thrones were set up. Job, xl. 19, the description of the hippopotamus, "He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him," should read, His maker gives him his sword or tusk.

But in the New Testament the corruptions of the text are yet greater. Scholars estimate that it contains no less than one hundred and fifty thousand different readings; but nineteen-twentieths of the number have little or no authority, and of the remaining seventy-five hundred, many do not relate to the sense of the narrative. It is considered that there are four hundred different readings which affect the meaning in either a slight or great degree. The more important of these passages are the doxology of the Lord's Prayer (Matthew, vi. 13); the troubling of the water of the Bethesda pool by an angel (John, v. 3, 4), from "waiting" to "he had"; and the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses (I. John, v. 7, 8), from "in heaven" to "in earth"—all these passages are omitted in the revision. Other passages whose genuineness is doubtful are Matthew, xvii. 21; xviii. 11; xxi. 44; xxiii. 14; Mark, vi. 11, last sentence; vii. 16; ix. 44; xxiii. 14; Luke, xvii. 36; xxiv. 12, 40; Acts, viii. 37; xv. 34; Romans, xi. 6, second sentence; I. Timothy, iii. 16.

Yet not merely the corruptions of the text on which the translation of 1611 was based prove the need of the revision. This need is emphasized by the grammatical and lexical inaccuracies of the authorized version. Every scholar knows that these inaccuracies, though not of serious importance, are numerous. In Judges, v. 2, "avenging," should read, "leaders"; Genesis, xii. 6, "plain of Moreh," should read, "oak of Moreh"; the "groves" frequently named as the scenes of idolatrous worship, as Exodus, xxxiv. 13, were upright pillars; Hosea, iii. 1, "flagons of wine," should be, "cakes of pressed grapes"; and Joseph's "coat of many colors," Genesis, xxxvii. 3, was merely "a long tunic with sleeves." The errors, moreover, in the rendering of the Greek article, prepositions, particles, and verbs are many. "Into *a* mountain," "into *a* ship," are constantly used for "into *the* mountain," "into *the* ship." Nicodemus, "*a* teacher of Israel," should be, "*the* teacher"; and "*a* good fight,"



THE REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



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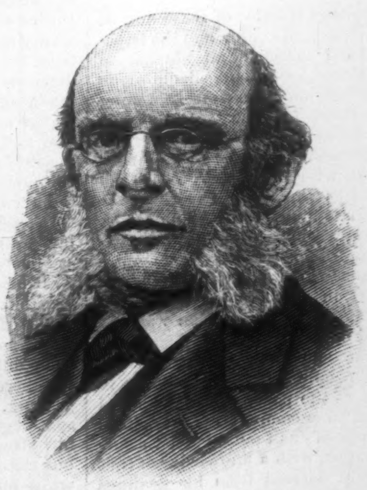

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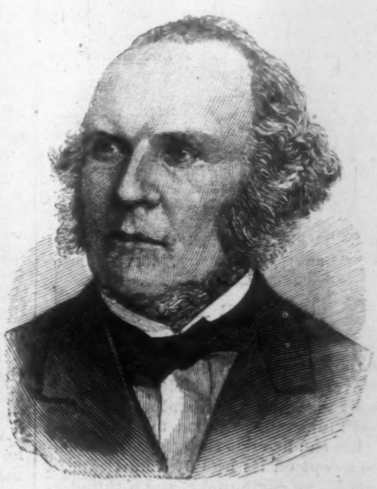

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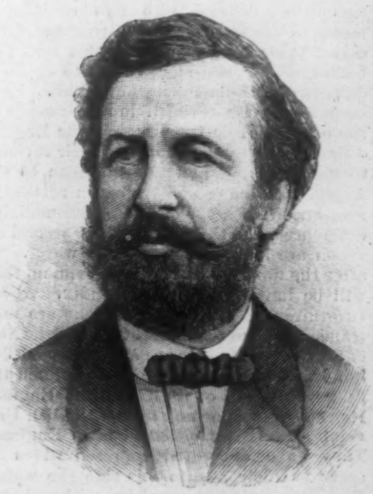

PRESIDENT THOMAS CHASE, D.D., HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

STAMENT.—From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, and Rockwood of this City.

and "*a* crown of righteousness," of Paul, are correctly translated, "*the* good fight," and "*the* crown of righteousness." Prepositions with identical meanings are rendered by different words. The simple particle δὲ is translated by "and," "but," "then," "now," "nevertheless," "moreover," "notwithstanding," and in many places is not translated. The inaccuracies in the translation of verbs are also numerous. The distinction between imperfect and completed action is frequently omitted. The ship, in Matthew, viii. 24, was not "covered with the waves," but was "becoming covered"; in Mark, iv. 37, it was not "filled," only "filling"; in Luke, v. 6, the nets did not "break," but "were breaking"; in the parable of the virgins, Matthew, xxv. 8, the lamps were not "gone out," merely "going out." The aorist tense is rendered almost indifferently by either the present or the perfect. In Romans, v. 12, "all sinned," should be substituted for "all have sinned"; vi. 2, "we who died to sin," for "we that are dead to sin"; and vii. 4, "ye also were made dead to the law," for "ye also are become dead." Furthermore, not a few metaphors, especially those of Paul, lose their peculiar force in the English version.

Yet perhaps a stronger reason for a revision than either the imperfections of the text or the inaccuracies of the translation is found in the changes of the English language for the last two and a half centuries. The changes in the meaning of words obscure the sense of many passages. "Bye and bye" is used some twenty times for "immediately"; "prevent" is frequently used for "anticipate"; "conversation," for "conduct"; "go to," for "come near"; "hardness," for "hardship"; "thought," for "anxiety"; "hell," for both Hades and Gehenna; "trow," for "think"; "throughly," for "thoroughly"; and "will," for "wist." The neuter pronoun is employed in reference to a person, as, "Our Father which art in heaven"; and the personal in reference to a neuter noun, as, the "salt has lost his savour."

The principles on which the revision is made were adopted by both the English and the American committees at the beginning of their work. They are:

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version consistently with faithfulness.

2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized or earlier versions. (Up to January, 1879, only one new word had been introduced into the New Testament.)

3. Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally.

4. That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating; and that when the text so adopted differs from that from which the authorized version was made, the alteration be indicated in the margin.

5. To make or retain no change in the text, on the second final revision by each company, except two-thirds of those present approve of the same; but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities.

6. In every case of proposed alteration that may have given rise to discussion, to defer voting thereon till the next meeting whensoever the same shall be required by one-third of those present at the meeting, such intended vote to be announced in the notice for the next meeting.

7. To revise the headings of chapters, pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation.

8. To refer, on the part of each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions.

On the basis of these principles the revision has progressed for ten years. The mode of operation is simple. The English committee, divided into two companies, meets in the Deanery of Westminster, London. The American, also divided into two bodies, meets each month for two or three days in the Bible House, New York. Each body makes its revision independently of the other. From time to time the English committee transmit copies of their revision to the American, and the American to the English. Each committee again revise the translation with the design of harmonizing differences, and the results of the second revision are also sent across the water. If, after the final vote, differences remain, they will be indicated in an appendix. About two-thirds of the Old Testament are now translated; and the final revision of the New is now complete. It is now published five hundred years after Wycliffe completed the first translation of the Bible into English. Its copyright is owned by the English University Presses, who issued it in England. They have appointed representatives to serve as their agents this side the water. In course of time the revision will probably become, like the version of 1611, public property. The expenses connected with the work are slight. The labors of the revisers, though arduous, are given without charge. The necessary expenses of travelling, printing, etc., of the English committee are paid by the Presses owning the copyright; and of the American, by offerings contributed under the direction of a Committee of Finance, of which Hon. Nathan Bishop is chairman.

The changes in the revision, though numerous, will not, with a few exceptions, be marked. Those passages, already indicated, whose spuriousness is undoubted, have been omitted; but the other alterations are confined to single words and clauses. No article of the creed, no doctrine, no precept in morals, will be disturbed. As Dr. Philip Schaff, to whose works I am indebted for aid in preparing this paper, has said: "The revision will so nearly resemble the present version that the mass of readers and hearers will scarcely perceive the difference; while a careful comparison will show slight improvements in every chapter, and almost in every verse."[*] Many italicized words will be corrected, marginal readings changed, and the marks of quotation will probably be employed. In the arrangement of the chapters and verses a few changes will also be made, as the first verse of Mark, ix., belongs to the eighth chapter, and the last verse of Romans, iii., to the fourth chapter. The divisions into chapters and verses will probably become less prominent, and it may be considered certain that the paragraphs will be separated as in any volume. In the present version the paragraphs are indicated in only the first five books of the New Testament. King James's translators seem to have become weary of discovering the transitions of thought in the narrative. The summaries of the chapters will be somewhat altered to correspond with the facts, as in Genesis, xxxii., "man" will undoubtedly be substituted for "angel," and in Solomon's Song critical scholarship will demand that "chord," representing the "bride," be excluded.

Of the reception which the Protestant public will give this revised version of the Bible there can be no doubt. Some readers may condemn it on account of its innovations; others may oppose it because of its conservatism. Yet the body of scholars will indorse this work of scholars, the Churches will lay it on their pulpits, and the people will welcome it to their homes. It is not a new translation; it is only a good translation made better. It retains "the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural grandeur," of the authorized version; while to these noble qualities is added that accuracy which only the best Greek and Hebrew scholarship of two countries in the nineteenth century can bestow.

On our opening pages we give the portraits of some of the British revisers of the New Testament, and those of the American committee. We also give a picture of the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where the British revisers held their sessions. This chamber possesses great historical interest. It was built by Abbot Littlington between 1376 and 1386 as a guest-chamber to the Abbot's house, and probably derived its name from tapestry pictures of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung. In this ancient chamber Henry IV. died, in 1413, thus fulfilling the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem. The Westminster Assembly, convened "to establish a new platforme of worship and discipline to their nation for all time to come," held their session there; and thence came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith which is still the accepted symbol of theological doctrine of one of the largest Protestant denominations in England and America.

The chief existing decorations of this beautiful old chamber are probably due to Dean Williams, in the time of James I., but the painted glass is more ancient. The panelling is of cedar wood.

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[*] Anglo-American Bible Revision, p. 18.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

GYPSYING-DAY.

IT is too hard upon a quiet little village (where everybody knows, twice a day, how everybody else's cough is, and scarcely can the most industrious woman find anything to say that she has not said thrice) suddenly to be swept off its legs by a hurricane, a water-spout, an earthquake, and a thunderbolt, all coming down upon it in one clap. To say that Christowell suffered all these things at once would be scarcely true, perhaps, at any rate for the present; although they were soon to come bodily. But even now a heavy strain was put on the constitution of society, and folk who had scarcely had a thing to talk of going on now for a twelvemonth (except the post-office and its insolence), were now flung into this deeper pit—that they did not know what to talk of first. Who can deny that this is by far the more dangerous of the two extremes?

There are in history periods when the popular verdict is of value, but these are of very rare occurrence, and are not to be forced by most dexterous use of the powerful implement of Samson. Good men may be knocked down by that, and bad ones hoisted into their seats, and the rogues prevail by the prevalence of fools. But upon the heels of pale ignominy, ruddy dignity returns at last; and the nation pays cheerfully an enormous price for recovering the power of blushing. Because it feels itself to be again a nation.

Not far otherwise, at Christowell, faction, headed by the cobbler, tailed by the tailor, and bodied by the tripeman, had wriggled up a wretched little insurrection against faith, honor, and dignity. But no sooner had the people seen what such things led to, by the insolent robbery of the vicarage, and the cording and colandering of a female (whose tongue was universally respected), than a wholesome and hearty revulsion ensued. Trickey, who had long ago been waxing overhaughty, and vamping himself up with office, and stamping on the young Queen's head, destroying of her picture, had aided and abetted the felony, to the utmost of his power, by delivering the letter which alone had prevented the parson from shooting the perpetrator. The tripeman, in spite of all the rain, had been out with his dog-cart, and that looked bad. And though the tailor had staid at home, he knew best what his reason was. As soon as the planks across the water, which the floods had washed away, were replaced, unanimous opinion met upon them, and the men sat down, to let the women use their voices. And by such means everything became so clear, and the merits of the vicar so victorious, that if any of the three Anti-clerics had been up to "Malishes height"—has since come down—the constable in the next parish but one, who went to Petty Sessions, would have heard of it.

Even as no man can be looked at without having knowledge of it—though it be the spinal seam of his coat that receives the impost—so these three men, before any of the others had smoked a pipe, perceived the feeling in the air about them. They met together, and then came out, laying aside all sense of rank, and even of money owing to them, in their strong indignant manhood, which grew more indignant as conscious debtors grew more determined not to see them. Suppressing successfully all sentiments of cash, they addressed the public, which already was ashamed, for the three men had their best coats on, and what they said was to the purpose, and without a wasted word.

"Dothn't Mother Aggett zay twon a gentleman as doced it?"

"Her doth; her doth. Her be zure of that," the public, from all its planks, replied.

"And hath Mother Aggett had oppurtoonity to jidge of a gentleman when her zees 'un?"

"Ay, that her hath. Her hath a' been in vaine vainlies, let alone Passon Short's."

"Well, then, doth e'er a wan of us dree zim laikely to be taken for a gentleman? Spak the Lord's truth, and no lies, now."

"Never a wan of 'e by a blaind man, nor a deaf 'un, lave alone a 'ooman as hath lived in vainlies."

Without another syllable of reasoning or reproof, the cobbler, the tailor, and the tripeman turned, and marched all abreast to the "Three Horseshoes," and shame alone stopped their calumniators from hastening after them to drink their health. But this episode, instead of allaying, served only to enlarge the ferment; and the scores of rumors that took wing daily proved—if such a thing requires proving—that the slow mind is the most inventive. All, however, was invention, without a stroke of discovery, even though there were as yet no police round Dartmoor to handcuff all discovery. And Mr. Short, in his brief way, said that detection is like dining; if a man wants it done, he must do it for himself.

In this fine spirit he resolved to go, though most people said that he ought to stop at home, to the party of distinguished gypsies, about to encamp at Fingle Bridge. "A vast amount of chaff must be met somehow," he thought, with a knowledge of that material partly derived from his dealings therein; "and I had better meet it in the lump. They will shoot their brilliant flight so thick as to knock one another out of aim. I shall fail to understand them till they explain their jokes. And a joke expounded is a joke confounded. And it will be a treat worth a lot of heavy banter to see Rose and Julia meet."

Discharging his duty still, as parson of the parish, he had been to see Miss Arthur's new equipment, a foretaste of which had astonished him in church; and superficial though his learning was in matters of that high nature, or art, he had contrived to give, as well as to find, a refreshment of soft pleasure. For the maiden's innocent delight (not only in comely and tasteful attire, but also in her own fitness for it, and, above all, in her father's loving-kindness) was enough to please any but a very churlish person, and to tempt forth many a smile of praise. Captain Larks looked on, with resignation, having heard the same things said fifty times now, and making his mind up to complain of tautology, when he had heard them a hundred times.

"Suppose it should be a most lovely morning, as lovely as even this lilict of something," said Mr. Short, while Rose turned round to escape a tea-leaf on the carpet; "and then when everybody is up on the hill, where there is not a furze-bush for umbrella, one of our Dartmoor storms comes on?"

"Oh, Mr. Short, you have sent such a shiver—I mean, you have startled me so sadly. And you are always right about the weather. Please to say that you do not mean it."

"Far be it from me to foretell such woes. I never pretend to know anything about the character of the day after to-morrow. Even to-morrow has beaten me now, for I never expected that day of deluge when my little house was robbed. But somebody else did, and made a fine thing of his weather-lore. Whoever it was, he foresaw a great rain, for the letter was posted the day before, and he knew that my house would have no one near it; he sent me away, and the place was at his mercy. He knew more of the weather than I do."

"That alone ought to supply some clew," Mr. Arthur broke in upon their lighter talk; "or at any rate it confines your search. It must be some fellow almost living on the moor, and out-of-doors perpetually, who can beat you and me in the weather signs. I know them pretty well; you know them better; but the weather beat both of us that day. I would have bet ten to one, especially after the way I saw the trout rise, that the day would be fine; but now I remember, yes, I saw some worms expecting, and a frog had got his hind-legs crossed."

"When the tadpoles go up and down," said Rose; "but who am I, or who are they, to beat all such of the loftiest science with centuries of instruments to help them? It seems too bad that—"

"You had better wait, my darling," Mr. Arthur said, for fear of her turn of mind becoming scientific—the uttermost disaster that can befall a female; and Rose was already beginning to know a barometer from a thermometer, and the northeast wind from the southwest; "my Rose, you had better wait a little, and consult the tadpoles instead of Mr. Short."

"The tadpoles know a great deal more than I do," the vicar acknowledged, with the candor of a man who has been mistaken lately; "but they turn to croakers, and I will not. Let us hope for weather as lovely as all the pretty things that will be there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ALASKAN SPHINX.

MR. IVAN PETROV, the agent appointed by General WALKER, Superintendent of the Census, to make the subject of the population of Alaska his special study, has recently returned from that region, where he has made a very remarkable journey, partly overland, from the Yukon River to Kodiak Island—a distance of more than 2000 miles of alternate trudging over portages and canoe voyaging on the coast and rivers. Among the many new and interesting facts gathered by him in this long reach of unexplored country is the presentation which he gives us of the Sphinx of Ooallikh Bay, a copy of his careful sketch of which we take pleasure in offering to the readers of the WEEKLY.

This bay is a deep indentation of the coast of Behring Sea, between the mouth of the Kuskokvim River and Bristol Bay, where a ridge of talcose slate drops down to the water as a spur from the high hills behind, the point or head of which is detached and weathered out exactly as shown in our engraving. The Esquimaux who visit the spot regard it with superstitious awe, and have frequently spoken to our traders of it; but until recently it has never been seen by white men, inasmuch as the situation is remote from any trading post. The hills in this picture are covered with a growth of mossy sphagnum and grasses, while the rocks are beautifully decorated with gray, brown, and crimson lichens.

"WHAT A PRETTY FOOT!"

BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

I HAVE no doubt that such a remark, if overheard by the person for whom it was intended, would cause a pleasurable feeling of pride, which apparently would amply repay the recipient for a whole day's pain and suffering caused by the fact that the said foot had been squeezed into a prettily shaped boot. But it is not merely the few hours of suffering that this fashionable folly brings upon her martyrs that makes the evil one to be cried out against; rather is it the innumerable malformations and deformities of the foot, and their immediate as well as their remote consequences, that are sure to be brought on if this folly is still persisted in.

I for one do not believe in the rigid enforcement of all those numerous laws of health that are being now so prominently brought before the public, and which would, I fear, make the lives of a good many of us more or less miserable; still, there is a line to be drawn in everything, and it is hard to believe the extremes to which fashion has gone with regard to this unsentimental question of boots. Two centuries ago boots were worn of such a width that positively a law was passed prohibiting the soles to be beyond six inches across the toes, and now fashion's rules are well-nigh quite as rigid in the opposite extreme.

The beautifully constructed human foot, with the elastic movements of its different joints, with certain parts by nature so formed as to easily bear the weight of the body, is a thing to be wondered at; and yet we inclose it, through this love of vanity, in a tight-fitting case of leather, constricting all its movements, and causing all the pressure of the body to come on those parts which by nature are most unfitted to bear it. The high and narrow heels help materially to further deform and hurt the feet, and by throwing the body forward, are undoubtedly prejudicial to a healthy condition of the spine; and the thin soles of these "pretty boots" are, in the first place, the cause of that great source of trouble to women, cold feet, in the possession of which there is neither comfort nor, I am afraid, health, and in the second place, very commonly lead to the large majority of colds, to which may often be attributed many a life-long misery. Even moderately tight-fitting boots will in time cause all those discomforts of the feet which render the ordinary daily walk a thing to be dreaded. What, then, are these numerous discomforts that are so easily brought upon one by the so-called pleasure of following fashion's dictum in this matter of boots?

Corns—that common bane of mankind—are sure to result from the wearing of any boots that do not fit comfortably, and allow ample space for the proper movements of the joints of the feet and the toes; bunions, which are painful tumors formed by an actual inflammation of a small sac or bursa situated over the joint of each great toe; weak ankles, which are very commonly produced by wearing the fashionably made boots with high heels, together with a relaxed condition of the muscles and tendons of the leg; in-growing toe-nails, which are not only most painful, but also take some time to be thoroughly cured, and necessitate actual operative interference; chilblains, which, although they may and do take place in those who do not wear tight boots, are still invariably the outcomes of them, from interrupted circulation; cold feet, from the same cause; and last, but by far the worst of all, an actual diseased condition of one or more joints either of the toes or of the foot itself. All these, then, may be the wages we have to pay for the comparatively small pleasure of being considered possessed of "a pretty foot."

But because you are not to wear tight-fitting boots, it is no reason that you should go to the other extreme and wear the hideous unshaped things that are often seen; all I wish to insist on is that you should be satisfied with the size and shape of the foot Providence may have ordained you to be the possessor of, and do your best to maintain it in its natural and healthy condition. How, then, can this be done but by having your boots made exactly and comfortably to fit you; by never allowing your bootmaker to measure your foot while raised from the ground, remembering that the foot expands quite one-twelfth of its length, and laterally still more, when the weight of the body is upon it; by having a last made of the exact shape of your foot, and always having your boots made upon it; by never wearing those abominable high and narrow-pointed heels, which are positively dangerous, ungainly, and certain to lead to bad results; and, finally, by having the soles of your boots made of fairly substantial thickness, and of not too soft or porous leather.

By these means, then, you will be enabled to take the exercise absolutely necessary for your bodily health, to venture upon the longest walks with no dreaded prospect of discomfort, and to retain for your feet in your old age their normal shape and condition; and the price you will have to pay for this much-coveted end is the mere loss of the whispered compliment, dropped from the lips of thoughtless men or ignorant fools, "What a pretty foot!"

EATING TOO MUCH.

EXCESS in eating is quite as bad as excess in drinking, and gluttony is even more grave and mischief-making as a social evil than drunkenness. This may appear an exaggerated, as it is undoubtedly a startling, assertion, but it is susceptible of proof; and the fact is one which ought, in the interest of the public happiness and prosperity, to be more generally recognized than it now is.

Much of the food we eat is eaten to waste. The absolute quantity of food appropriated by the organism is surprisingly small as compared with the quantity rejected. Making the largest allowance for the difference between the actual bulk of what we eat and the measure of its nourishing properties, it will be found that the average feeder consumes an aggregate quantity greatly in excess of what he requires. The first cause of this waste is doubtless the needlessly bulky form of the foods on which we chiefly rely. In the endeavor to procure what is termed light aliment we squander the elements of nutriment. It is deemed a triumph of the purveyor's skill to provide the public with forms of nutriment of which much can be consumed with impunity. No provider has yet achieved or seriously attempted the feat of supplying us with food so concentrated that the wants of the body can be met with the smallest demand on the digestive and assimilative powers of the organism. Because man can take a great deal into his stomach, it is assumed that he ought to do so, and the tendency of modern enterprise in the matter of food is to extend rather than to diminish the total bulk of the material by which the losses of the organism in heat production and exercise are to be compensated. If it were otherwise, the net result would not be very different, or, the habit of life being to live to eat rather than to eat to live, if nutriment were furnished in very compact form and bulk, the glutton would hail the boon chiefly as affording increased facilities for the indulgence of his appetite.

There is, however, another cause of the practice of excess, which is perhaps even more potent. We do not eat by any rule of judgment, but in obedience to a craving which is commonly misinterpreted. When a man is hungry, he eats until his hunger is appeased. Now, in the nature of things, this can not be until he has overloaded his stomach. The food is not digested and assimilated the instant it is eaten; an interval must elapse between the taking of material containing the elements of nutrition, and the application of these elements to their destined purpose. As a matter of fact, probably little of the food taken at a meal is appropriated by the organism until an hour or more after it is consumed. The sense of repletion therefore is not, in any physiological sense, the result of nourishment, but the crude physical effect of filling the gastric organ, and setting the processes of digestion in operation. Hence it must be obvious that the sense of satiety which warns an eater to desist from the pleasures of the table affords no measure of the extent to which he has provided for the actual wants of his system. If he consumed only a twentieth part of his ordinary meal, and waited an hour, probably he would discover that he was quite as well fed as he is after eating as much as his stomach will hold, and desisting only when the mechanical effects of loading the apparatus of digestion with material became inconvenient. It must not be assumed, because we habituate ourselves to eat to repletion, and do not commonly suffer severely in consequence of this clumsy mode of procedure, that we are not guilty of waste. Nature has provided the organism with the power of rejecting what it does not require, and the large proportionate waste of ordinary life is the witness at once to the need and efficiency of the safety-valve with which the system has been furnished; but it is at the same time a perpetual testimony to the crude and unscientific way in which we misunderstand our actual needs and abuse our appetites.

The great majority of the ills which affect us and the diseases from which we suffer, causing us pains and shortening our lives, are the fruits of the excess we practice in feeding. Gout, rheumatism, the various forms of indigestion, and the many known and recognized results of excessive or disorderly feeding are only the coarser and more evident consequences of overfeeding. Underlying these and unnoticed by the victim of this common error are the multitudinous forms of organic disease and disturbance. In short, the human body encounters more risks in its daily struggle to live and grow and discharge its functions under the burden of food forced upon it than it runs by exposure to the contingent danger of infection; while, as a matter of fact, nearly all the morbid poisons that assail it from without are either generated from or by the decomposition of food, or conveyed into the system under one of its guises. We give the machinery of life an almost supernatural task to reject the harmful substances imposed on it, and then complain because it breaks down or does its work imperfectly. It is difficult to make this plain without burdening our page with details that would be unintelligible; but our failure to convince the reader's judgment will not alter the fact. There are great practical difficulties on either side—to obtain sufficient nutriment without an incumbrance of adventitious materials which can not be used, and must be rejected, and to avoid the error of loading the system with food which is unsuitable and excessive.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PICTURE of happiness that, to outward appearances, leaves nothing to be desired, is a small boy on roller skates and with a return-ball in his hands; yet if the outside world could look into his innermost heart, it is probable that a yawning void about the size of a velocipede would be found.

The comedy part in the sensation of the resignation of Senators Conkling and Platt was taken by Mahone. "This," exclaimed the little Senator from Virginia, "places me in a devil of a fix."

The owner of a peach orchard of one thousand trees in Maryland, in pursuance of the spring custom of declaring that this season's yield would amount to nothing, rashly offered to sell his entire crop for five dollars. One of his neighbors, a blacksmith, took him at his word, the money was paid, and a bill of sale was signed. The owner of the trees is now trying to compromise with the speculative blacksmith, with the view of securing a share of the profits likely to arise from the yield promised by the abundant blossoms.

Missouri furnishes a warning to lovers who woo with deadly weapons and threats of murder. A widow, whose house had been invaded by a young man with such ideas of love-making, seized a shot-gun and killed him while he was in the act of flourishing a pistol.

A flourishing hard-cider club is the outcome of an attempt to organize a temperance lodge at Thomas's Corners, in Oswego County. Twelve signatures had been obtained to the total-abstinence roll, when one of the oldest residents said that if they would organize a lodge to drink hard cider, he would give them a fat sheep for a picnic in the summer, and would duplicate the gift in the fall. There was a stampede to the side of the venerable advocate of hard cider as a beverage, and sixty names were at once enrolled. The meeting-place was too small to hold all who came to the second meeting.

A colored woman, riding in a railway train from Ellenville in this State to Middleton, lost her false teeth out of the car window. It was fortunately an accommodation train, so the conductor stopped the locomotive, searched back along the track till he found the teeth, and restored them to the passenger. If the woman had worn them fastened to the ends of a string wound about her neck, as little children often wear their mittens, delay to the other passengers—if there were any—might have been avoided.

When the temperature recently fell, in a few hours, from ninety-three in the shade to a point that suggested snow-squalls and winter overcoats, many a citizen who had not been conspicuous by reason of egotism was heard to remark that if he had not put off his flannels, the weather would have remained at a roasting temperature till the middle of next September.

A public reader in this city was sued for money due the estate of a woman teacher who had died. The reader put in a counter claim for compensation for services, among which was curing her of "a brogue with which she was accustomed to speak." The Supreme Court refused to allow this claim.

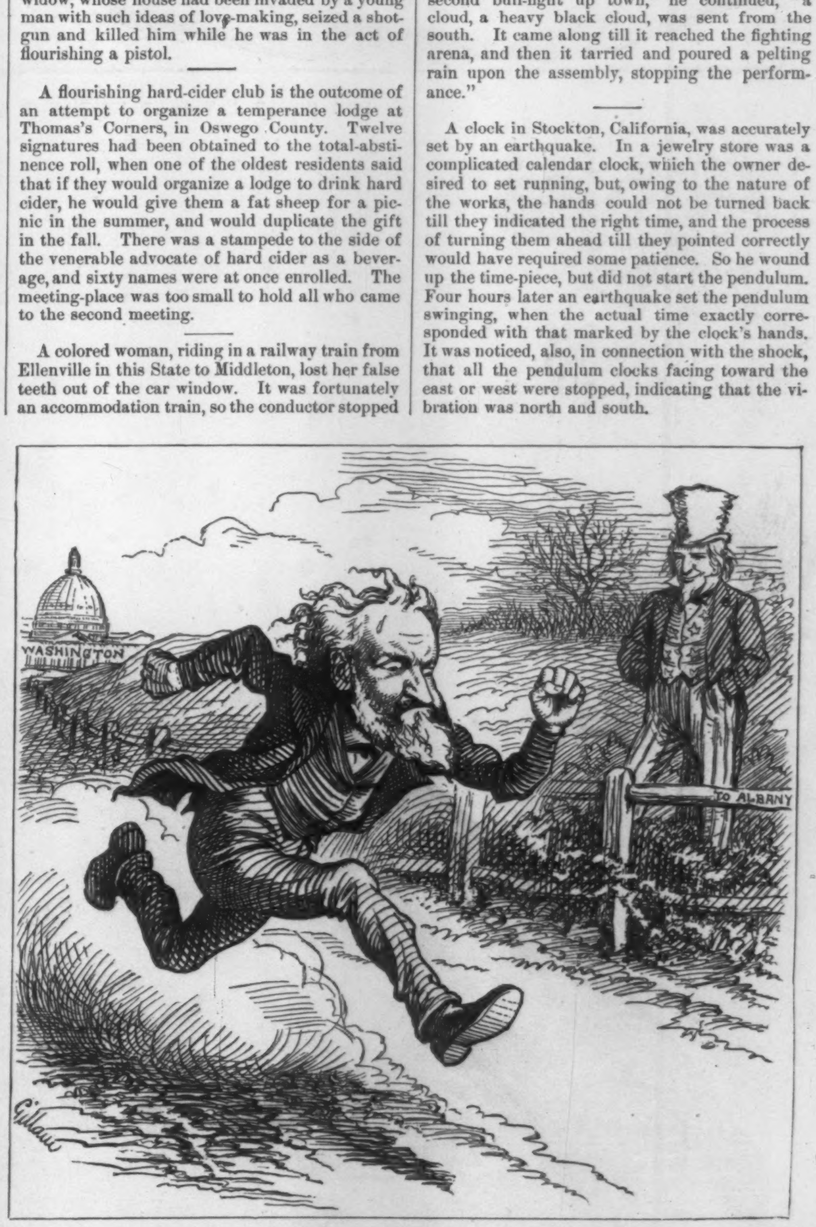
The experiment of shipping California oranges to the East in large quantities is in course of trial. Four car loads arrived in Chicago in good condition, and there is a prospect of other loads being sent through to cities nearer the Atlantic sea-board.

A Galveston, Texas, newspaper says that Mr. Jay Gould and his party ate fresh eggs at a farm-house on the line of a railroad which they were inspecting in that State. The thrifty farmer wanted fifty dollars a dozen for his eggs, and when Mr. Gould remarked that eggs must be scarce in that region, the host responded: "There's plenty of eggs here; but fellers like you, that can afford to pay such prices, is scarce. That's why eggs is worth fifty dollars a dozen on this joyous occasion."

Some of those portions of the Bible which do not appear in the revised edition are characterized by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby as "insidious obsolescences." It is not long ago that the great majority of devout readers of the Book would have refused to believe that it contained such things, even on the word of an authority so eminent.

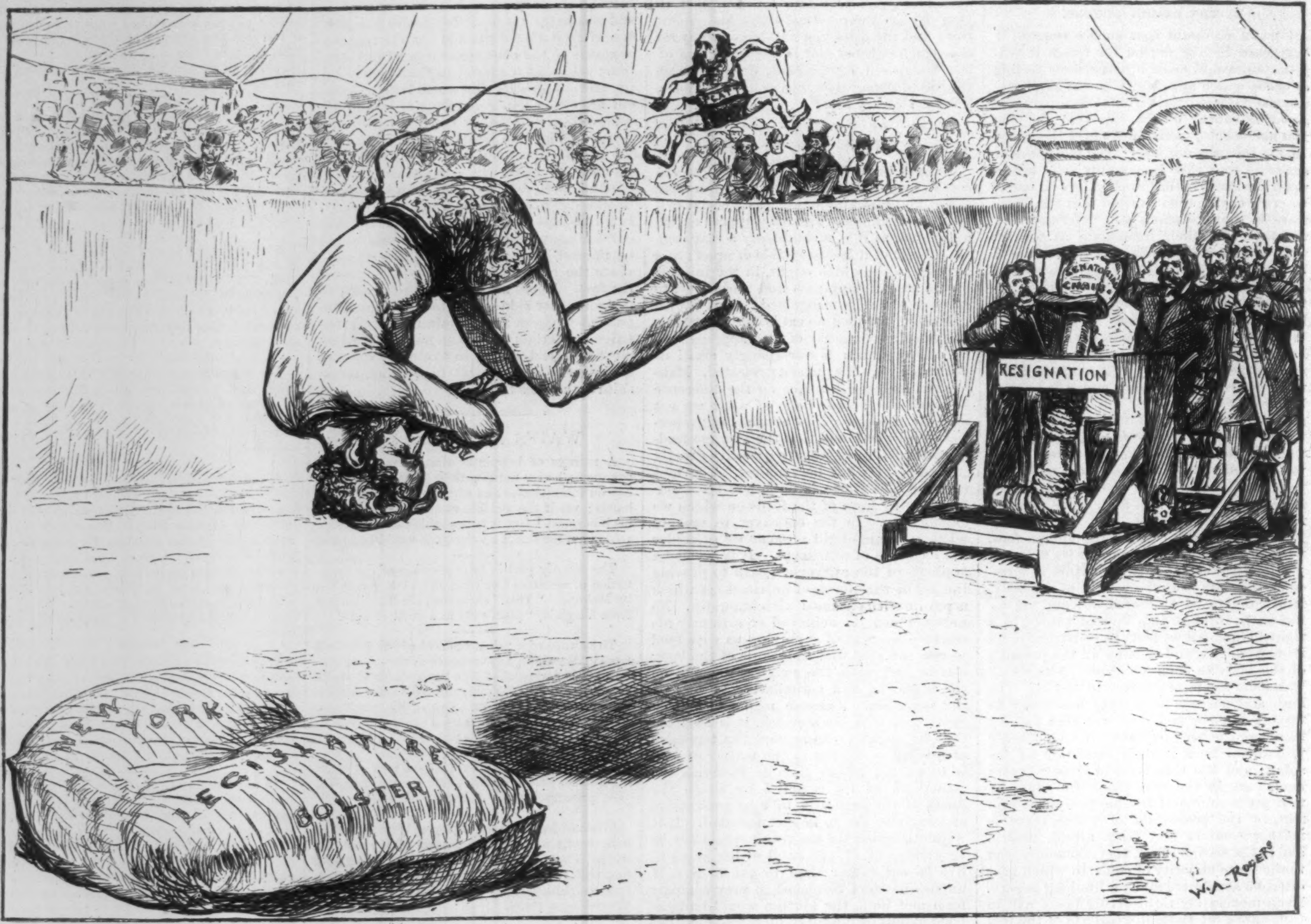
In a recent lecture Mr. Henry Bergh announced himself substantially a believer in special providences. He said that Providence has seemed to look over and after the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "On the occasion of the second bull-fight up town," he continued, "a cloud, a heavy black cloud, was sent from the south. It came along till it reached the fighting arena, and then it tarried and poured a pelting rain upon the assembly, stopping the performance."

A clock in Stockton, California, was accurately set by an earthquake. In a jewelry store was a complicated calendar clock, which the owner desired to set running, but, owing to the nature of the works, the hands could not be turned back till they indicated the right time, and the process of turning them ahead till they pointed correctly would have required some patience. So he wound up the time-piece, but did not start the pendulum. Four hours later an earthquake set the pendulum swinging, when the actual time exactly corresponded with that marked by the clock's hands. It was noticed, also, in connection with the shock, that all the pendulum clocks facing toward the east or west were stopped, indicating that the vibration was north and south.

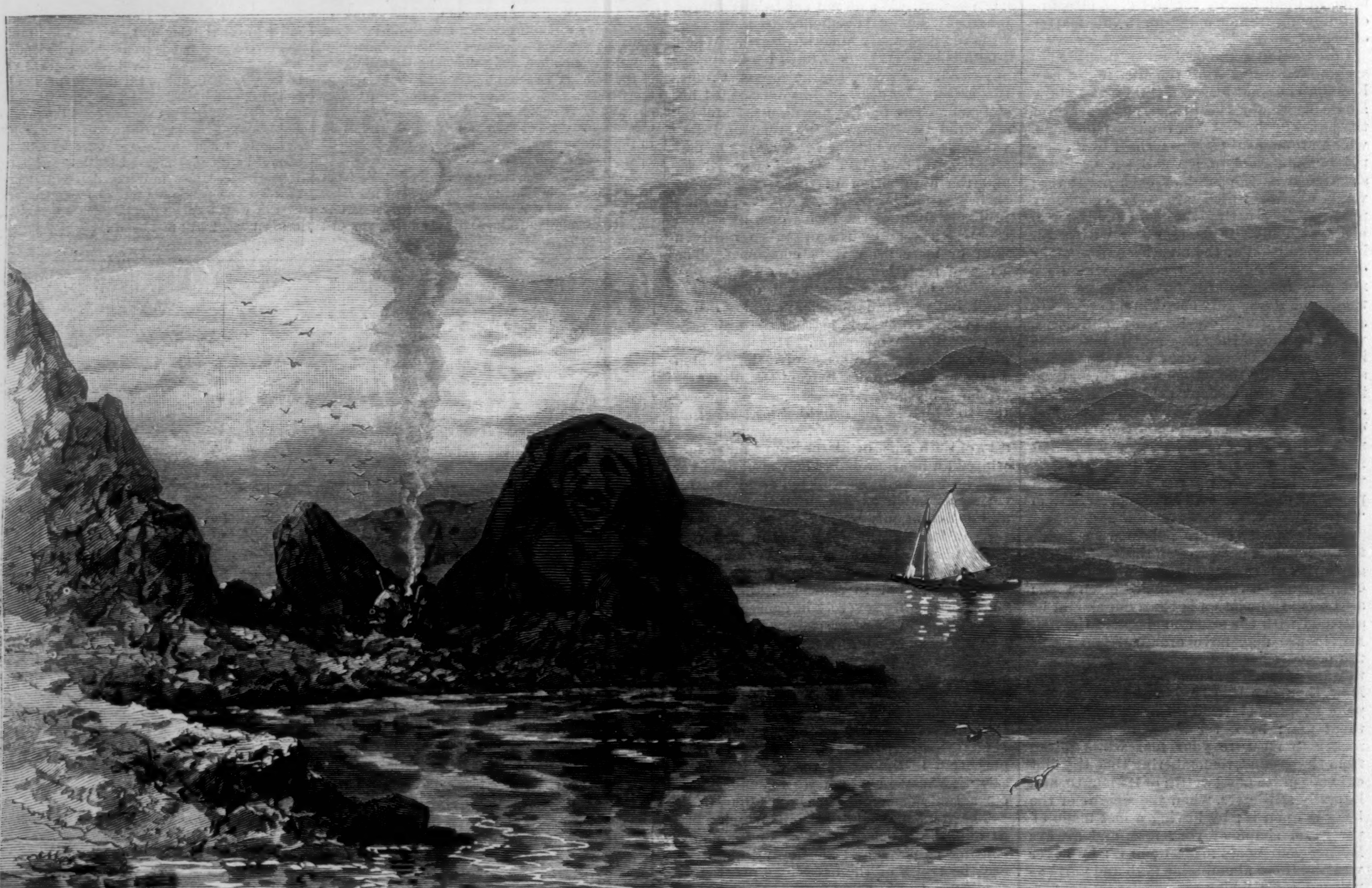


MAKING "THE GREATEST EFFORT OF HIS LIFE."

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
(But we shall see.)


PLATT
SENATORIAL CHAIR
RESIGNATION
NEW YORK LEGISLATURE BOLSTER
W.A. ROGERS

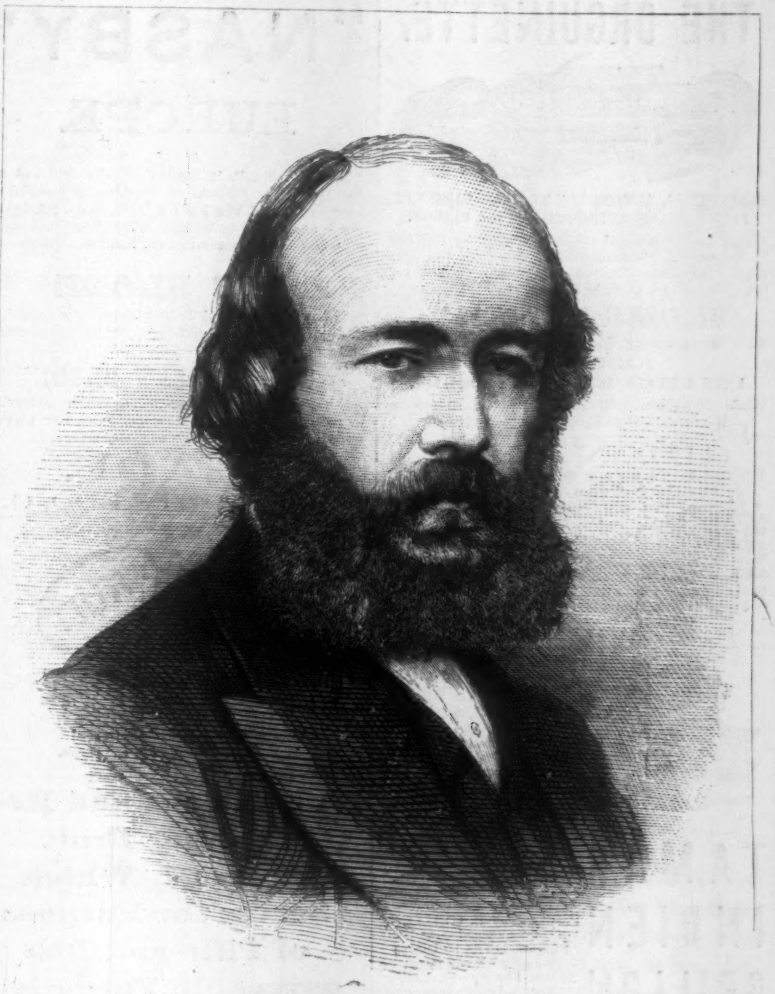
THE GREAT CATAPULT FEAT—NOT AT ALL GRACEFUL, AND VERY RISKY.



THE ALASKAN SPHINX.—From a Sketch by H. W. Elliott.—[See Page 366.]

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THE Marquis of Salisbury, leader of the opposition in the House of Lords, and representative of the illustrious house of **CECIL**, is the eldest surviving son of the second Marquis. He was born at Hatfield in 1830, and received his education at Eton and at Christ-Church, Oxford. In 1853 he was elected a Fellow of All-Souls, and the same year he was returned to the House of Commons, in the Conservative interest, as member for Stamford. While in the Lower House, where he soon became distinguished as one of the most able debaters in the Conservative ranks, he was known as Lord **ROBERT CECIL**, until the decease of his elder brother on June 15, 1865, when he assumed the courtesy title of Viscount **CRANBORNE**. When the late Earl of Derby formed his third administration, in July, 1866, he appointed Lord **CRANBORNE** to the responsible post of Secretary of State for India. His lordship was added to the Privy Council on receiving this appointment, which he resigned on March 2, 1867, at the close of a cabinet council, when a majority of the ministers present consented to introduce a "real and satisfactory" reform bill. At the same time General **PEEL**, the Secretary of State for War, and the Earl of Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, also sent in their resignations. On the death of his father, in 1868, Lord **CRANBORNE** succeeded to the Marquisate of Salisbury, and a seat in the House of Lords. In November, 1869, he was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in succession to the late Earl of Derby. He was again appointed Secretary of State for India when Mr. **DISRAELI** returned to office, in February, 1874. It was admitted by all political parties that the Prime Minister had made the best possible choice when, in November, 1876, he selected the Marquis of Salisbury to represent Great Britain as Special Ambassador at the Conference at Constantinople. He took the leading part in the deliberations of the Conference, which, after seven plenary sittings, broke up on January 20, 1877, in consequence of the refusal of the Porte to accept the proposals of the powers. Thereupon his lordship and the other ambassadors immediately quitted Constantinople. The Marquis of Salisbury is understood to have been an extensive contributor to the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

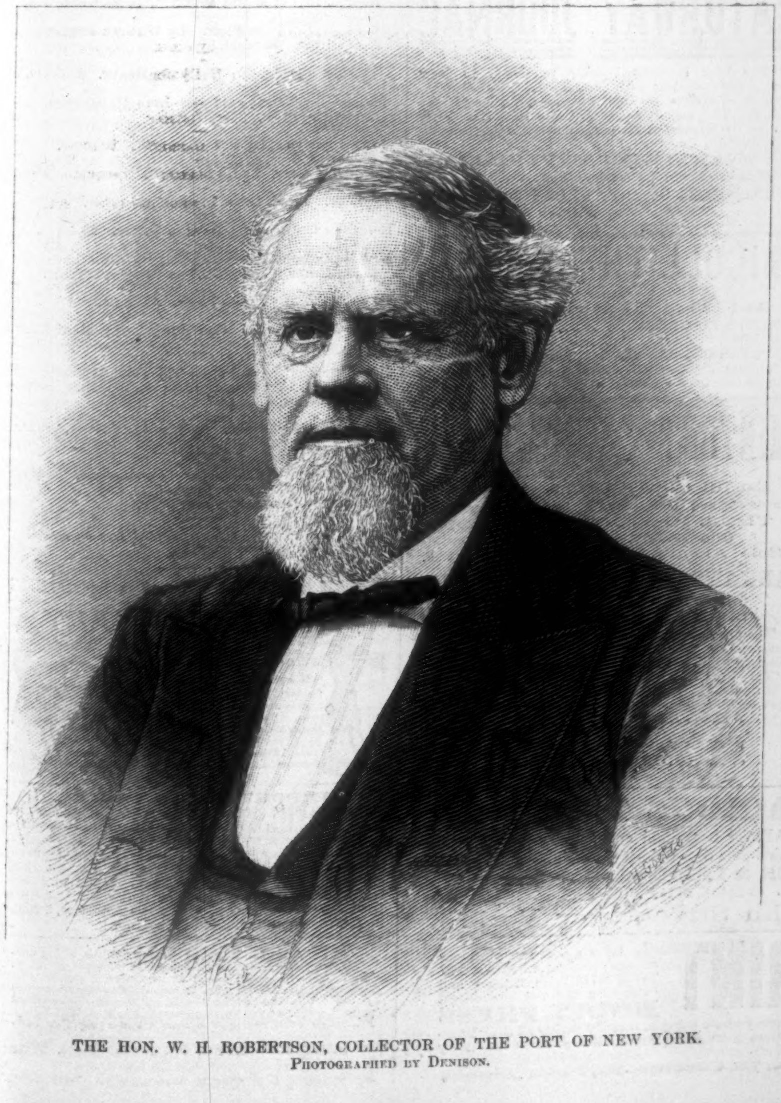
THE NEW COLLECTOR.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, who succeeds General **MERRITT** as Collector of the Port of New York, is a native of Bedford, Westchester County, in this State, where he was born on the 10th of October, 1823. After an academical education he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. His first political position was that of Superintendent of the Common Schools of his native town, which he held for four years. In 1849 he was elected a member of the State Assembly, and the following year was again returned. In 1854 he was first elected to the State Senate. He was next elected County Judge—a position which he held for twelve years—three terms. Mr. **ROBERTSON** was then a prominent Republican, and although the Congressional District in which he lived was claimed by the Democrats, he was nominated for Congress, and elected. During the war he was Chairman of the Military Committee to raise and organize troops in his district, Commissioner to superintend the draft, and otherwise rendered valuable service. He was for six years Brigade Inspector of the Seventh Brigade of the National Guard.

He re-entered the State Senate in 1872, since which time he has been regularly reelected. In 1874 he was unanimously chosen President *pro tem.* This place he has held for several years. He has served as Chairman of the Committees on Commerce, Navigation, and the Judiciary, and in other important places, and has been regarded as one of the leaders of the Senate. He has been a Presidential Elector and a Delegate to all the important Republican Conventions, and a member for several years of the Republican State Committee. In 1879 he was the leading candidate for Governor in opposition to Mr. **CORNELL**. Mr. **ROBERTSON** was a Delegate to the Chicago Convention, and the first one from this State who publicly announced that he would not follow the unit rule.

OUR MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

THE HON. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, recently appointed Minister to Austria, was born in this city August 24, 1839. In his twenty-first year he was graduated with high honors at Yale College. Twelve years later he was made a Fellow of his *alma mater*. After graduation, he pursued his studies in Europe, and later at the Columbia College Law School, where he was valedictorian of his class. He then entered upon the practice of law, but his career as a lawyer, though eminently successful for a young man, was brief, as he retired from active service in the profession in 1868. Governor **FENTON** offered him the seat, in the Court of the Sixth Judicial District, made vacant by the resignation of Judge **BARRETT**, but this appointment he declined. In 1872, Mr. **PHELPS** was elected to the Forty-third Congress from the Fifth Congressional District of New Jersey. The district was naturally Democratic. He served in Congress two years, and while he was a strong Republican, he was independent in judgment and action. He voted against the Civil Rights Bill, and gave as his reasons that it was unconstitutional, and that its policy was a bad one for the colored race. In 1875, Mr. **PHELPS** ran for Congress again, but was defeated by **AUGUSTUS W. CUTLER**, by only seven votes, Mr. **PHELPS**'s



THE HON. W. H. ROBERTSON, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
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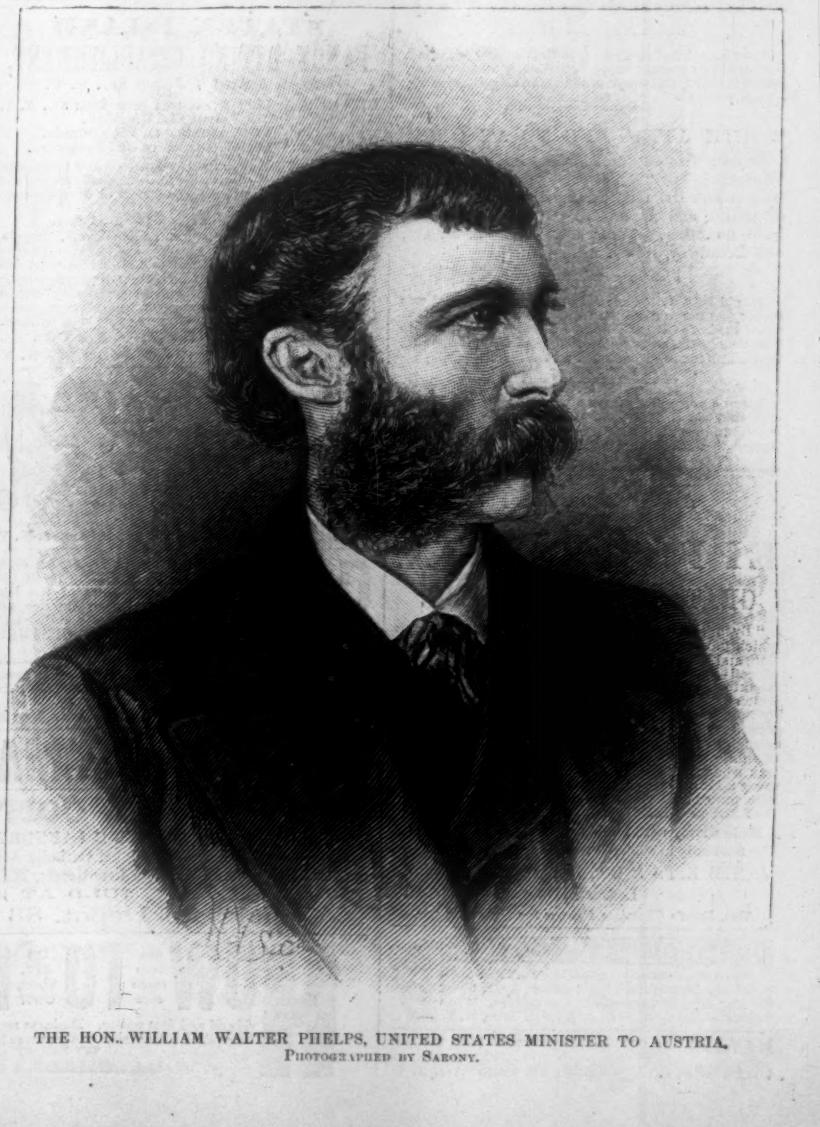

THE HON. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

vote being 11,670, and Mr. CUTLER's 11,677. Ill health and the demands of business induced Mr. PHELPS to remain in private life, although the Republicans of New Jersey have repeatedly desired to avail themselves of his services since then.

Mr. PHELPS is a director in several railroad companies and other corporations. Among them are the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, the Morris and Essex Railroad, the International and Great Northern Railroad of Texas, the National City Bank of this city, the Second National Bank, and the United States Trust Company. His home is near Englewood, New Jersey, on a large estate, which contains 1000 acres, and stretches from the Hudson River to the banks of the Hackensack.

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HAVE you failed to-day, Good Heart?
'Tis no cause for sorrow.
Try again; the clouds may part—
Perhaps may part to-morrow.
If you are a brave strong man,
You will do the best you can.
Do your best, and leave the rest;
Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold?
That's no cause for sighing;
One bright hour doth oft infold
Many a year's denying.
Be not weary or downcast:
"Patience holds the gate at last."
Do your best, and leave the rest,
And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man;
Wear no golden fetter.
Do the very best you can,
And you'll soon do better.
Every day you do your best
Is a vantage for the rest.
Don't complain; every gain
Is making your best *still better.*

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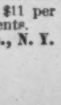

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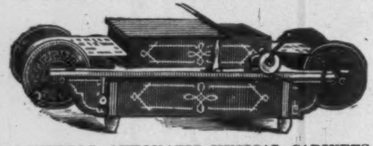

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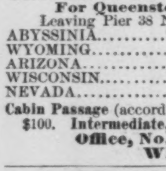

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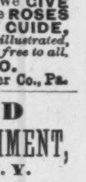

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TO OUR PATRONS.

Over 500,000 people read each weekly edition of this paper, and we assume that quite 40,000 of these readers are more or less bald, and that nearly all the 500,000 are afflicted with occasional headaches and neuralgia.

Dandruff and falling hair, *those sure signs of approaching baldness*, claim many thousands, while a feeling of exhaustion and fatigue is common to those who work hard the mental faculties and keep the nervous system at a high pressure.

No doubt most of these afflicted readers would cheerfully pay $3.00 for an easy and agreeable cure—always at hand and lasting for years—but most of them are doubtful about advertised remedies; and the public has been so often outrageously humbugged that our new and worthy invention must suffer from this cause until we can inspire confidence.

The mail brings us hundreds of letters inclosing the price of our "remarkable invention;" but, where one individual sends for it, no doubt thousands are deterred through fear of being cheated.

To remove this fear, we have determined to adopt a plan of doing business which will convince every man, woman, and child that no pecuniary risk is run by those sending for this article.

OUR PLAN.

The article is Dr. Scott's Beautiful, *Pure Bristle*, Electric Hair Brush. If you send us the price, $3.00, and 10 cents for registration, we will immediately send one to you postpaid. So soon as you receive the Brush please examine it thoroughly, and test it by the little plated compass which accompanies each one, and then if you are not well pleased with its beauty and excellence write to us, giving your reasons, and we will promptly return the price to you. "Very good," says a reader. "But what guarantee have I that you (a stranger to me) will keep this pledge?"

This is the turning-point in getting your confidence, and we will try to show you how our own interests are best served by dealing fairly with you.

The Brush is of superior make, beautifully carved, good value for the money, and *will actually do all we claim for it.* We know you will like it, because so many people send us orders for the second, third, fourth, and even sixth one, and we have received thousands of orders from other parties to whom it has been recommended by those benefited.

Now, the proprietors of this paper will not knowingly publish any humbug. They are exceptionally careful about the class of advertisements they accept, and *who they come from.* We have been advertising in this paper nearly a year, paying many thousand dollars for the same, while we have yet to hear the first complaint that we have not always done just as agreed with its readers. So soon as we fail to do so, you may be assured that its proprietors will refuse to receive our advertisement.

We do not think it amiss to mention right here that some of the proprietors and staff of this paper have at various times bought brushes from us and paid cash for them.

The Brush is warranted to relieve nervous headache in 5 minutes; bilious headache in 5 minutes; neuralgia in 5 minutes; to prevent falling hair and baldness; cure dandruff and diseases of the scalp; to promptly arrest premature grayness; to make the hair grow long and glossy; and immediately soothes the weary brain. When used as a flesh brush it cures rheumatism.

Space will not permit our printing here more than one testimonial out of thousands received, but we will gladly mail free our pamphlets on application. Please read this one, it is interesting and concerns you:

House of Representatives,
February 12, 1881.

For the first time in life I am induced to give a testimonial. Noticing in some paper an advertisement of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I sent $3 for one, and find it indeed a remarkable brush. My wife has for years suffered with headaches. *The brush cures them at once.* Several friends have used it for headaches, and *it has never failed.* My wife was also getting prematurely bald, but *the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth.* I use it to remove dandruff, and it works like a charm. Five times the cost would not buy my Brush if I could not replace it. To-day I bought of McAlmont, druggist, of this place, two brushes to send to friends who have tried mine and requested me to buy for them. Colonel Ponder, Mayor of Walnut Ridge, was attacked by a severe case of sick headache while at my house. *He was very sick.* My wife proposed to try the brush, which he finally consented to do, with no faith in it, however. In *three minutes he said he never felt better in his life*, and directed me to send him a brush. I have authorized McAlmont, the druggist, to use my name in recommending it.

Yours truly,
GEORGE THORNBURGH,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Thornburgh is also Grand High Priest Royal Arch Masons and Past Grand Master of Masons of Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 12, 1881.

April 5, 1881.

To the Public:

Having been troubled by many letters asking if above is genuine, I hereby declare it to be strictly true. It was given voluntarily, without solicitation, and this is my answer to all inquirers.

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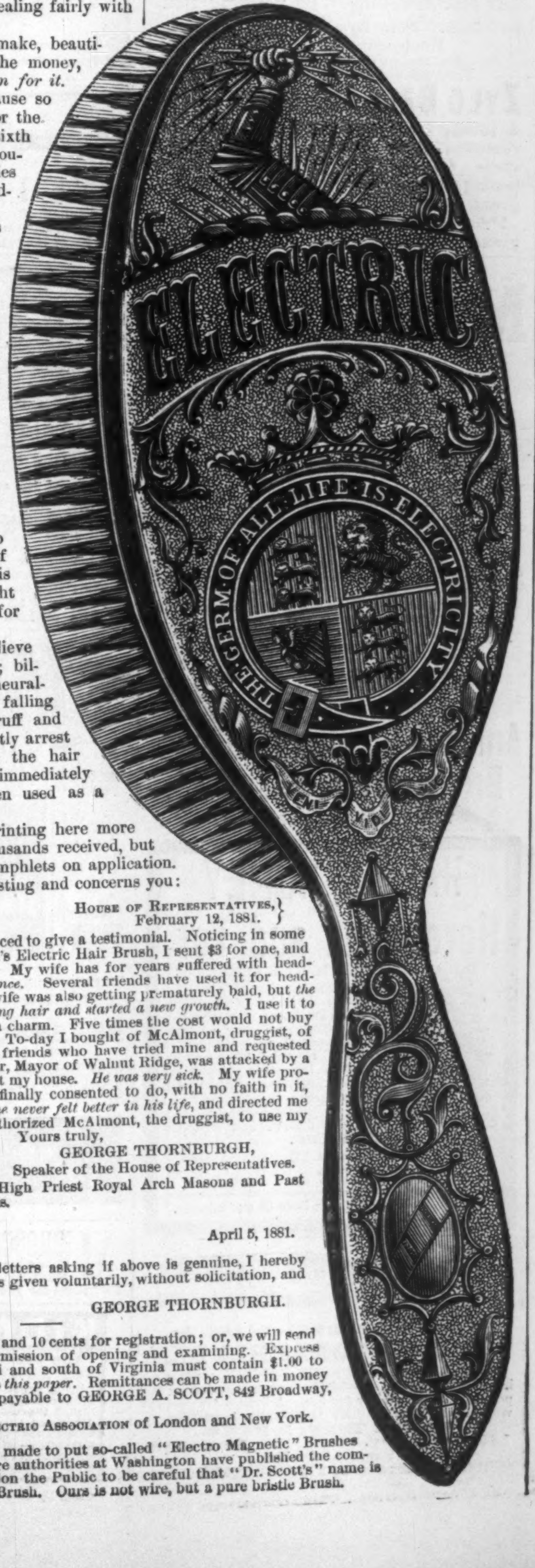

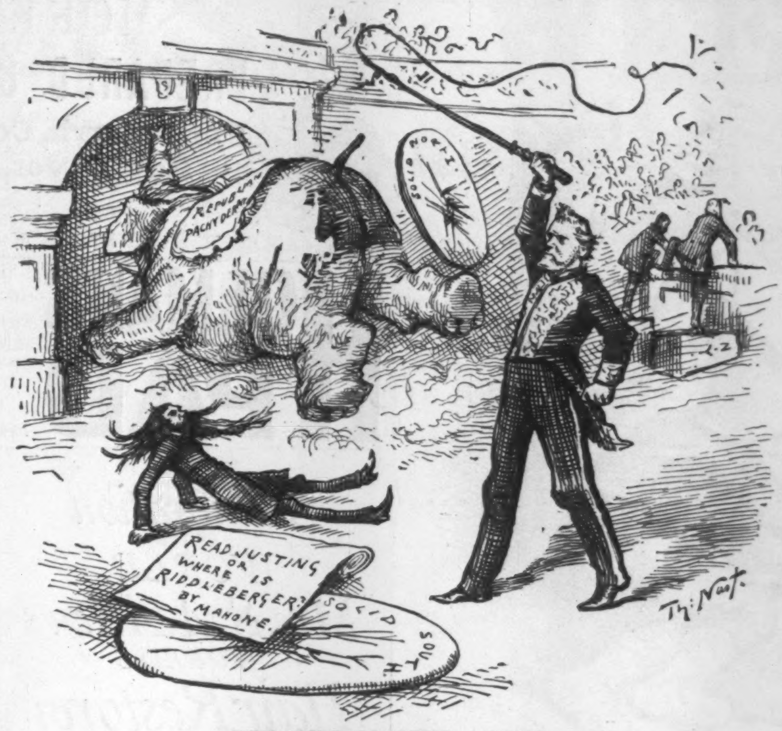

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